JOHN BULL, AUGUST 8, 1925 — Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. — Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 1001. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1925. TWOPENCE.

STERLING "LILLIPUT" HEADPHONES for STERLING RESULTS
At all Radio Dealers

1000 HOLIDAY CASH PRIZES Closing Week (see page 3)

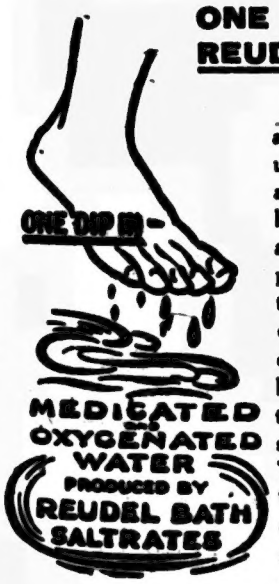
The Donkey's Hind Leg

BY

'A Gentleman with a Duster'

No tired, tender, aching Feet THIS Summer!

ONE DIP in the medicated and oxygenated foot bath, prepared by adding REUDEL BATH SALTRATES to plain water, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED.



Without oxygen even life itself could not exist and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few moments in the *medicated* and *oxygenated* water produced by adding a handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** compound to a foot bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

PROMINENT USERS:

Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, Eugene Corri, A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Kid Lewis, Billy Wells, "Andy" Ducat, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, Violet Loraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez,

and hundreds of other well-known people, actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others, to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say this "Saltrates" water offers the one quick, safe, convenient and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

Money back in full, immediately, and without a question if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packets have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit.

Reudel Bath Saltrates in convenient sizes, can be obtained from all chemists. Prices: 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound.

TRADE MARK.

Be sure to read the dramatic opening chapters of

Elinor Glyn's

remarkable new serial story

Love's Blindness

appearing in the August "ROMANCE."

The same number includes

10 Complete Romances

of compelling charm, in addition to

Photogravure Art Souvenirs of 'Tell Me More'

the great "Winter Garden" success,

and a novel

Beautiful Hair Competition

£10 can be won in this great competition for lady readers. Full particulars in this month's number.

THE AUGUST

Romance

On Sale Everywhere—9d.

"John Bull" Cheques for Storm & Flood Victims

BELOW we give the names of some of the hundreds of our readers who have received cheques under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift due to the recent Storms and Floods. JOHN BULL Representatives are still at work in various parts of the country dealing with these applications, and as fast as their reports reach us, cheques are being dispatched to the sufferers.

THE FIRST BATCH OF PAYMENTS

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Mrs. A. B. SALTER, 1, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
F. REDDING, 29, Harold Road, Upton Park, E. 13.
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Mrs. H. S. TAYLOR, 12, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
ALFRED RICHARDSON, 10, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
CHAS. WELLS, 21, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
W. J. GUTTERIDGE, 7, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
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EDWARD T. DICKENS, 15, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
THOMAS DOBSON, 17, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
G. MIDDLETON, 25, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
Mrs. L. MALLARD, 5, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
J. MARKS, 7, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
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E. BROWN, 23, Leslie Road, Custom House, E. 16.
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Mrs. F. VYSE, 125, St. Mary's Road, Plaistow, E. 13.
Mrs. R. TUFFNELL, 129, St. Mary's Road, Plaistow, E. 13.
Mrs. J. PHILPOTT, 117, St. Mary's Road, Plaistow, E. 13.
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S. T. HAMMERTON, 60, Melford Road, East Ham, E. 6.
W. A. E. OSBORN, 14, Barrington Road, Manor Park, E. 12.
R. F. SMITH, "Twyford," 191, Byron Avenue, Manor Park, E. 12.
Mrs. L. A. COLES, 68, Shelley Avenue, Manor Park, E. 12.
Mrs. WHITE, 64, Rhodeswell Road, Mile End, E.

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Mrs. S. BARLOW, 10, Middlemore Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mr. J. L. MASSAM, 1, Middlemore Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mrs. S. E. BROOKE, 71, Villa Street, Hockley.
Mr. W. G. HAMMOND, 44, Villa Street, Hockley
Mr. R. H. TONKS, 347, Farm Street, Hockley.
Mr. B. D. CHRISTIAN, 2, Farm Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mrs. F. HUGHES, 4, Farm Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mrs. E. PARR, 6, Farm Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mr. R. [illegible], 76, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mrs. PARKES, 58, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mr. J. HARPER, 5, Middlemore Place, Wellesley Street, Hockley.
Mrs. A. E. FISHER, 3, Hunters Vale, Villa Street, Hockley.
Mrs. E. PRICE, 1, Cottage Place, Villa Street, Hockley.
Mrs. E. WILLIS, 6, Cottage Place, Villa Street, Hockley.
S. WILLOWBEE, 12, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. LAW, 20, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. A. HALL, 2/28, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. M. A. LAWLEY, 32, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
W. REYNOLDS, 42, Villa Street, Hockley.
F. V. BROADBENT, 22, Hunters Vale, Lozells.
Mr R. PIDDAHAN, 2/11, Villa Street, Hockley.
W. GARNER, 56, Villa Street, Hockley.
J. CONWAY, 86, Villa Street, Hockley.
C. BAILEY, 3/86, Villa Street, Hockley.
C. HARRISON, 2/80, Villa Street, Hockley.
Mr. A. BARLOW, 1/76, Villa Street, Hockley.
I. DAVIS, 2/76, Villa Street, Hockley.
J. McCONNELL, 61, Villa Street, Hockley.
W. HANDS, 2, Alexandra Place, Villa Street, Hockley.
C. W. SIMPSON, 1/17, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
F. TURNER, 8, Alexandra Place, Villa Street, Hockley.
Mrs. A. E. HOSKIN, 24, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. HANCOCK, 22, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. M. GRAZIER, 2/19, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. G. GRIFFITHS, 2/20, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. F. HARRIS, 16, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. B. SMITH, 10, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. F. FORDEN, 14, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. E. ARNOLD, 12, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. PARTON, 1, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. F. LEWIS, 7, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. E. GARDNER, 11, Hunters Vale, Hockley.
Mrs. L. GOODWIN, 15, Hunters Vale, Hockley.

Not only against STORMS and FLOODS, but also against FIRE, SICKNESS and ACCIDENTS, "John Bull" covers you free. Sign NOW!

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 8/9/13.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Cash the Coupons—'John Bull's' Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.
(2) FREE, a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills.

PRICE 5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS . . 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

IMPORTANT.

This great offer has proved so wonderfully popular that we have decided to extend it and make ALL Coupons (any date) available until Sept. 30.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember, ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A 16)

JOHN BULL

FREE COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons to any number up to five (as to dates, ANY DATES), may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 6d. extra. Cheque, P.O., or Co.'s and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

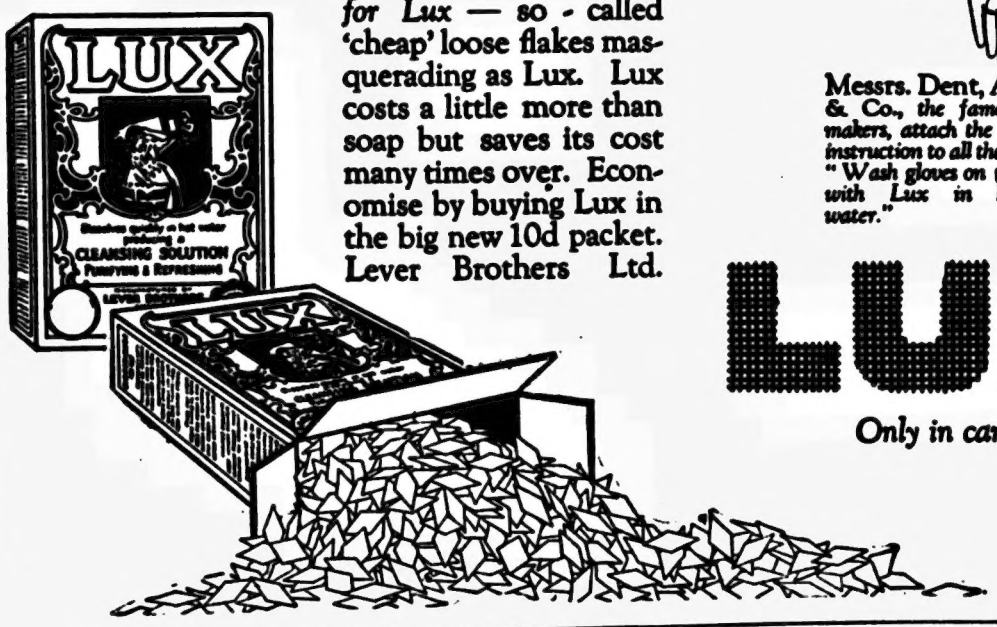
elegant gloves for graceful hands

"For nearly every occasion you will find that light washing gloves of chamois or suede always look dainty and smart" said the glove note on the fashion page. Light gloves do look fresh—you revel in their neat finish and fit—there isn't a mark or a wrinkle to offend your critical eye. But alas! railings and fences aren't so clean as they might be and gloves easily get soiled. That is why Lux is such a boon.

"Light gloves a nuisance?" said the trimly frocked woman, "My dear, have you never heard of Lux?"

Plunge your gloves into a foaming lather of Lux as soon as they are soiled. It doesn't matter how many times they are washed because Lux keeps them shapely and pliable right to the end. The pure lather cleanses so gently. Chamois leather, washing kid and suede, all fabric gloves, appreciate Lux. Washing gloves is no bother with Lux, for the thick suds cleanse so quickly. Be sure the water is lukewarm: gloves should never be washed in hot water.

Don't accept substitutes for Lux — so-called 'cheap' loose flakes masquerading as Lux. Lux costs a little more than soap but saves its cost many times over. Economise by buying Lux in the big new 10d packet. Lever Brothers Ltd.



Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., *the famous glove makers, attach the following instruction to all their gloves.* "*Wash gloves on the hands with Lux in lukewarm water.*"

LUX

Only in cartons

For dyeing and tinting use Twink—which is Lux in a choice of 24 fashionable shades. In cartons at 4d and 7½d

LX 840-100-180

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all 59/6

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co

30 LANGHAM ST. LONDON, W.1.

For Better Shaves

You must try the NIESO EAGLE RAZOR BLADE

Each blade is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Send only 1/6 for one dozen of these excellent blades.

12 for 1/6d POST FREE

Gillette Pattern.

(3 doz., 4/- post free.) Address:—Dept. J.B., NIESO EAGLE RAZOR BLADE CO., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

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SAMPLES FREE

FLOOR COVERING

Thicker than Linoleum.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary: For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors.

Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 square feet for £1. 120 square feet £2. Longer lengths pro rata.

ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE. The only floor covering made that can be used on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for free samples of the actual material and admire the exclusive designs and beautiful finish—the work of the master craftsman.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30 Carter St., London, S.E.17

OAK BED-SETTEE

20/- secures immediate delivery

Size when extended 6 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

Polished antique brown, upholstered any colour corduroy velvet. With *wire spring mattress* and box for bed linen.

£9.15.0

Delivered for first payment of 20/- Balance 10/- monthly

Write for Free Catalogue

MIDLAND FURNISHING Co. Ltd., 10-18 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THE BOLTON

From 1/3 per week or 5/- per month

Direct from Factory.

2/6 DEPOSIT

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Carr. Paid on approval from £2:17:6

Cash or Credit.

Write for fully Illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 408, Kingsland Rd., E.8. DEPT. No. 10

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

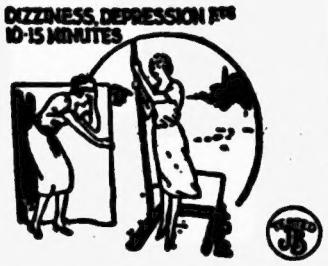
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours



The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (in voice to me), as I want him to take the treatment.",

18226—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured, Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25339—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22761—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21987—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22103—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

20961—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

22574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me made Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. E.; you are looking wonderfully well, to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself, "Good old Yeast-Vite!"

22642—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coat's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Corsets, Linen, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Glass, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men to register employment anywhere in Agency.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Regd. on the Annual Level of Merit

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

GRAVES STYLISH COSTUMES

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes

All Garments warranted of best make throughout

From 5/- month

Each Garment distinctive in style and quality.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns and styles of Costumes. Robes, Wraps, &c. Post free per return. State which you require.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

LISLE RADIO "SUPER II"

2 Valve Set Complete

ONLY £5:15:0 Carriage Paid.

INCLUDING:—

Marconi Royalty. Valves. High Tension Battery. Accumulator. Aerial Equipment and LOUD SPEAKER.

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GRAVES WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE BARGAIN.

All component parts of proved excellence.

B.S.A.-SPEED GEAR; HUTCHINSON'S EXTRA PARA SUPER GOOD YEAR COVENTRY 3 SPIRES CHAIN; RUDGE-WHITWORTH 28-COG. SADDLE; CORLETTIZED FRAME; ALL BLACK FINISH IF DESIRED & full equipment. £8.19.6

Lady's Model same price Terms 8/- with order, & balance 8/- monthly. Money refunded if at all disappointed.

Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

ONLY 1/- NOW.

ALL SIZES

SEND 1/-

AN AMAZING OFFER which places within your means Stout (guaranteed all leather famous Viyella Boots (tan or black) extra thick sole, leather lined and built for hard wear. A boot which will satisfy the most particular, now offered on these extraordinary easy terms that everybody can afford to pay, and you have a boot that looks good, is really good and wear guaranteed. Price only 29/- on simple terms to accepted orders—1/- deposit now, 2/- in 7 days, and 5/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while payter your monthly instalments. Send 1/- now (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Full satisfaction or deposit returned. Price Lld Pair.

Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

MANS

Boots, Coat's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Cloth, Costumes & Underwear, Corsets, Linen, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Gloves, Furs, Baby Carriages, etc.

How to regain employment explained at Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiry can be made by letter only

HILL, LONDON.

RAVES

TYLISH STUMES

lady should see these for the Magnificent of Costumes.

From 5/- month

Each Garment distinctive in style and quality.

delivered to approval on receipt of small Balance monthly, if Money back if you way disappointed.

ur Patterns of Costumes, Robes, Post free per return which you require.

ons Ltd. Sheffield.

IO "SUPER" II"

Set Complete

: 15 : 0 Carriage Paid.

Valves. Battery. Aerial

Catalogue Post Free.

ONLY 1/-

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AN AMAZING OFFER

which places within your means Hand-guaranteed all leather famous Victor (tan or black) extra thick sole other Hand and built for hard wear. A pot which will satisfy the most particular or now offered on these extraordinary ry terms that everybody can afford to Boot that looks good, is really good t. Price only 25/- on deposit of 2/- only, and you have the boots to wear while paying by small monthly instalments. Send 1/- now to say what size we shall send you. Money returned. Price List Free.

33, Hope Stores, RYE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

REMNANT TRADE. Make money selling Coats, Hosiery, Prints, Towels, Travellers' Samples, Clearing lines. Real bargains. Shops supplied. 20/-. parcels, upwards. Send for illustrated Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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SHOPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for illustrated Cat. to S. Morco, Dept. J.B., 8, Silver Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

HOSIERY, Towels, Shirts, Sheets, Overalls, Lingerie, etc., at rock-bottom prices.—Edgar Brooke, 304, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 4.

AGENTS. World's Greatest Choc. & Cig. Club. Largest cash comm. Everything to start free.—Free Bros., Ltd., Dept. 80, 81, York St., Leeds.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy Clubs. Agents wanted for largest Club Merchants in England. Wonderful terms. Est. 25 yrs.—Dennis and Co., Dept. O., Colne, Lancashire.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay; first makes only supplied. Part. free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

CHOCOLATE and Cigarette Clubs. Agents wanted. Generous terms. Best makes.—W. Garratt, 28a, Stockley Street, Northampton.

MONEY IN HARD CASH. YOURS CERTAIN selling the celebrated "Castle" Private Christmas Cards. Whole or spare-time agents wanted, both sexes. No outlay, no risk. Magnificent free sample book and prizes for agents.—Write for particulars to-day and let us prove it. Castle Publishing Co., 103, Anchor Court, Preston.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy CLUBS. Agents wanted. Best terms in the trade. Good commission. Fine presents to all agents. No outlay.—Hope (Colne), Ltd., Dept. 128, Colne, Lancashire.

SPARE-TIME Agents required to sell remarkable lines of working Trousers. Good commission offered.—Apply Hinton Bros., Eastleigh, Hants.

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THE June offers on pages 28 and 29 should interest many readers of *JOHN BULL*. A postcard will bring illustrated folders free.

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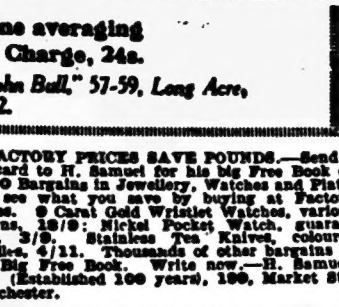

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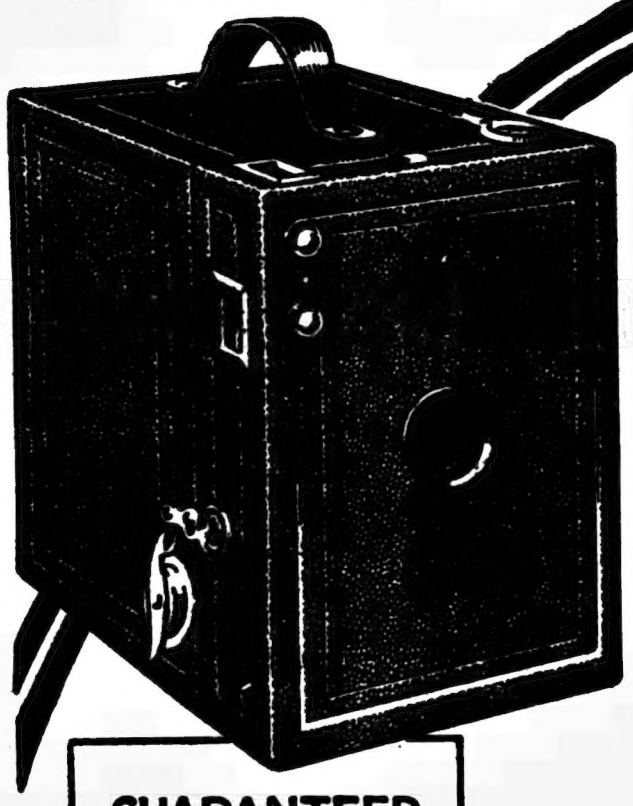

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On Other Pages—

"Churchill's Tragic Failure," by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. ... ... p. 19
"King of Crime Unmasked" ... ... p. 10
"Private Hotels on our Black List" ... p. 11
"Insurance Society's Shady Deal" ... p. 12
"Fly-by-Night Bookies" ... ... p. 13
"The Donkey's Hind Leg" ... ... p. 16
"Stabbed by a Golden Dagger" ... p. 17

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

, Baldwin!

spite of the screechings of the stunt press, emporary State subsidy was the only statesike settlement of the coal crisis. With goodon both sides it should be possible to find a nnent solution without reducing wages or hening hours.

Power behind the Throne.

ere it not for his wife, Mr. Baldwin would ago have retired from public life, which he es. But Mrs. Baldwin has a high concepof the value of power, and she it is who s the hand of the Premier.

King and the Premier.

hy did Cabinet opposition to the Admiralty's vagant demands collapse so suddenly? The before the decision was announced Mr. Baldwin an audience at Buckingham Palace. The is understood to have urged very seriously at such a time of industrial unrest there must Cabinet crisis.

Baldwin Bows.

e Premier might easily have answered: "Sir, esignation of Mr. Bridgeman or the Sea Lords st the deliberate opinion of the majority of Cabinet would be no crisis at all." But he t. And so Churchill lost.

a Tiny Little Pill.

wonderful art—Parliamentary jockeying! new Admiralty programme for ships will ttedly cost £58,000,000. But all the Commons asked to vote this year—just to seal the in—is £100!

ton's Future.

inston's defeat on the cruiser question by the portant Mr. Bridgeman proves what we have said—that he is strong neither in the Cabinet the Tory party. He may soon adopt yet er political label.

inating.

urchill's pronouncement that vested interests the way to reduction of Civil Service Estimates o be replied to. So he is appointed chairman of ommittee of enquiry. It's one up to Baldwin!

y Sinecures.

what use are the special Labour advisers ched to the Labour Ministry and Mines try? Neither has been heard of in conon with the textile and coal disputes, yet een them they draw £5,500 annually.

rred Liveliness.

ith the Parliamentary session dragging to a all Parties are postponing till the autumn ers of personal organisation within their . When Parliament meets again we predict "life" in the Opposition—and not imably in the Government too.

Keeping It Up.

In 1913-14 the British Army and Air Force in Egypt and the Sudan cost £634,127. This year (seven years after the war to end war) the cost is £3,050,000. A needless and world-provocative increase.

Navy Nonsense.

Lady Astor says a big Navy "was never more needed than at present." Presumably if a couple more foreign navies were to vanish, like the German, the need for additional cruisers would be still more urgent!

Chestnuts.

The Sea Lords are on the rant. Floods of oratory swamp the country and war-time phrases fly like bullets. We are not deceived. We still advise the taxpayer to reserve his attention. He'll need it for the burden on his back.

On the Edge.

Railway unrest deepens. Eighty-two unions reject the 5 per cent. cut and 100,000 workmen are involved. All the elements of an A1 crisis are present. Only utmost circumspection can prevent disaster.

Still They Come.

Protection proceeds apace. The glass trade is next to be investigated. We prophesy that taxes will be imposed. Then your toddy tumbler will cost you more.

No Loopholes.

Already this year 128 aliens have been deported, and 1,200 undesirables prevented from entering this country. We want neither dope purveyors nor dissension sowers. Well done, "Jix."

If Dead Men Spoke.

It is intended to raise an endowment fund of £5,000,000 for maintaining war graves. But what of human flowers? Children of the victors lack necessaries and have not where to lay their heads. In such is the real garden of remembrance.

Lancashire Laughs.

Lancashire is one of the counties devastated by post-war trade depression, but the workers have scraped up nearly a million for the "wakes." Here's a health to them and may the sun shine! A holiday in the open and a happy time is the best medicine and one the whole country needs.

"JOHN BULL" CHEQUES *for* Storm and Flood Victims

See page 2.

Snaffling the Snobs.

The promoters of the Bill dealing with traffic in honours doubt its efficacy to prevent political corruption. So do we. Publication of lists of Party funds is the only remedy.

Welcome News.

For the next three years we are to spend £1,000,000 a month on telephones. A big sum, but sound policy. Now electricity must follow suit. The two together are essentials of modern business progress.

We're Wide Awake.

While the country's eyes are fixed on industrial chaos the Colonial Office nips in with further screw-tightening in Mesopotamia. King Feisal's subsidy is to be increased to £134,000. It's a scandalous flouting of public opinion.

Cheery Chertsey.

Chertsey Rural Council can chuckle over its successful experiment in housing. Self-setting blocks are filled with cement grouting and scientifically reinforced with metal. Five unskilled men set up a cottage. It's worth testing.

Homes at Last.

Birmingham contemplates a scheme to enable thousands of its homeless citizens to buy houses for £25 down and the balance in weekly instalments. Other municipalities must follow this lead. It's based on sanity.

Lest We Forget.

A fossilised tree brought down twenty tons of roof on John James Hardy at Langwith Colliery, Notts. Such happenings are not only a commonplace of mining, but a guide-post to policy. Where men risk life as capital, remuneration must be according.

The Other "Mr. A."

The foolishness of suppressing names mentioned in court was again shown during the Raper case. The mysterious references to an "eminent politician" led to cruelly unjust inferences. The politician in question was not in any true sense "famous."

Our Hint Taken.

In our issue of August 1, by means of a Candid Communication, we suggested to the Marquess of Bute that he was far too rich a man to apply for £100 house building subsidy. As a result his application is now withdrawn. But the building of the proposed cottage should proceed all the same.

Clear Out!

An attempt will be made to saddle us with Mesopotamia for another generation. A lever is given by the League of Nations Commission's advice that the Mosul oil region should go to Turkey unless Irak remains under mandated control for twenty or twenty five years.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Were They Fathers?

Pretty little five-year-old Lilian Winifred Jackson, on a holiday from the depressing district of Ancoats, Manchester, fell in a canal, 3½ feet deep, at Marple, and was drowned. Several cowardly men standing by would not wet their clothing by going into the water to save her. Morally her death rests upon their shoulders.

Another Housing Horror.

At a North-East London inquest the coroner discovered that twenty-nine persons had been living in one poky house. The latest baby had been born dead and its body shoved into a cupboard like a piece of despised lumber. If ever statesmen "asked for trouble" it is in their neglect of the housing evil.

Curb to Ambition.

"Ugly, contemptible and discreditable is the struggle to excel to-day," said Professor D'Arcy Thompson, at Keswick, "and it tempts men to scheme and take advantage of one another as no honest man would do." A poor way of encouraging ambition in the modern youth, and not altogether true.

Boys of the Old Brigade.

"The country is being dowsed with the dole, and we are breeding a nation of slackers," so says the pessimistic Liverpool shipowner, Mr. Arthur W. Bibby. But if the Government would fulfil its unemployment pledges and find them jobs, British boys of to-day would prove themselves the equals of any in the past.

Spurred by Sickness.

Only the sick know what suffering is, as Arthur Tutty, of York, did. Awful were his pains, and each night on going to bed his prayer was that he might die. And at last he did—by his own hand. It is such sad cases that inspire brave men to undertake dangerous research work to save humanity.

The Life Stream.

We heartily endorse the tribute paid by the Minister of Health in presenting the Meritorious Service Medal of the Order of the British Empire to Mr. Bertie Tibble who has given fifty pints of blood to patients of the London Hospital and has refused fees amounting to over £250. His blood has provided a life stream for those on death's threshold.

El Dorado.

The number of emigrants is now less than half the yearly rate before the War, so far as the Dominions are concerned. Nowadays tales of El Dorado overseas are not swallowed so readily as they once were. When the home and overseas Governments co-operate effectively, emigration will revive—to the betterment of the Empire.

A Parson's Blither.

"What do railway companies care for the souls of the people?" asks Dr. Peter Price, the Welsh Congregationalist parson. When he adds that cheap Sunday trips to the seaside are "a blighting and devastating influence" he talks exaggerated rot and loses sight of the health benefits the workers obtain from the outings.

Robbing the Bereaved.

If there is honour among thieves those who robbed Mr. H. J. Mitchell, of Leagrave Road, Luton, have a chance to show it. He recently lost his wife and the thieves took her wedding-ring and other personal belongings treasured by the bereaved husband. It is up to them to show that even rogues are not necessarily ghouls by returning their loot.

More Mockery.

The National Council for the Prevention of War has arranged its "No More War" demonstrations for the week following Armistice Day. By that time a number of new cruisers will be well on the way, and we shall be in a position to blow any nation to bits that dares to quarrel with us. These devilish inconsistencies are an outrage upon everything for which the Cenotaph stands.

Safety First.

Mr. Walter N. Jurgenson, a veterinary surgeon, of Bristol Road, Ipswich, was lucky to be let off with a fine of 40s. when he pleaded guilty to being drunk in charge of a motor-car. A man and his wife were knocked down. In London, magistrates are taking a serious view of offences of this kind and we recommend their attitude to country benches.

Housewives' Worry.

A striking instance of the new-style thief was exemplified in Dorothy May Evans, sentenced at Herne Bay to six months' hard labour for stealing jewellry from a fellow servant. Fashionably dressed and dainty, Evans' plan was to travel the country, taking situations as a servant, and then abscond with what was handy. She has played this pretty game for many months, but a well-deserved Nemesis has overtaken her at last.

A Proper Sentence.

Charles Carter, of Goldenball Street, Norwich, has been sent to jail for twenty-eight days for ill-treating a dog. He tied it under his lorry so that it had to run to keep pace. When found it was bruised and exhausted, with bleeding feet and marks showing that it had been dragged along. If other magistrates would act as sternly, we should hear less of this abominable cruelty.

The Woman Pays.

Southport needs a public pillory, if only to make a public exposure of the unnamed heartless betrayer of poor Ellen Mawdsley. Everything that is precious to a girl she gave to him. When their babe was born she was left to shoulder the responsibility for it, and to keep it alive she stole. A father's duty to the child he brings into the world is not less than that of a mother's, a truth the Southport police should bring home to the betrayer of this poor girl.

The Human Machine

Dreams

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

PEOPLE who dream unpleasant dreams are frequently worried by them. They cannot understand how such thoughts can enter their minds. The truth is that these dreams reveal how successfully we have kept unlawful desires in check during the day. They are a moral compliment.

Dreams provide a means of fulfilment for wishes that have no chance of being fulfilled in waking life, an outlet for thoughts and desires that in the daytime have been sternly repressed.

They provide an avenue for our real hopes to gain expression, a channel along which can flow our inmost hates and secret thoughts.

All these impressions, stored up by day in our subconscious mind, escape at night into the conscious mind that dreams while the body sleeps.

They get twisted and disguised, take on fantastic shapes and queer forms, but any expert in the interpretation of dreams can extract their meaning and bring sense into apparent nonsense.

CHILDREN'S dreams show clearly how repressed wishes gain fulfilment in dreams, as witness the little boy who said on coming down to breakfast, "Mummy! I dreamed last night I had four bacons for breakfast!"

To an expert, dreams are a complete revelation of a man's real personality. They "give the game away."

If we did not dr[illegible]ld probably all go mad. Dreams [illegible]valve through which suppressed [illegible]spated.

Eighty and Not Out.

Mr. John Price, of Letterston, is a little old man of eighty with surprising grit and agility. He still works at Letterston rectory, and when he missed a pound note from a shelf in the stable he set off in pursuit of the thief, a burly tramp. Price caught him and thrashed him, recovered his money, and hauled up the fellow to justice. If younger men in general showed half this octogenarian's spirit there would be an end to the present epidemic of thieving.

Fines Useless.

For furiously ill-treating a donkey by beating it on the head and neck with a whip whilst drunk Dr. Andrew Hanks, of Chelsea, has been fined about £3. The affair took place in the public road while nearly fifty persons followed shouting and booing. The wonder is that the crowd did not use the whip on the doctor, whilst as for the fine that is easily settled. As always, our remedy for cruelty is imprisonment. Why don't magistrates inflict it?

A Fool on the Road.

Borrowing £15, Sidney Bonson, of Queen's Road, Peckham, bought a second-hand car and after two breakdowns and eight hours reached Southend. On the way back he knocked down and killed Thomas Burrows, of East Ham. His careless driving was hardly the cause of the crash. He cannot afford a car and he should have done what others do—go without—rather than cumber the road with an old and unsafe killing crank.

Murdering the Unborn.

Charged at the Old Bailey with having performed illegal operations upon fifteen women a debased creature, calling herself "Nurse Friend, had the hardihood to plead that she had acted simply from mistaken notions of kindness. In point of fact, it was clear that for years past she had been carrying on her disgusting trade for enormous profits, and the sentence of three years' penal servitude imposed by Mr. Justice Swift was not a shade too severe.

An Official "Joke."

It would be ludicrous, if it were not lamentable, that after years of protest against the cruelty involved in the export of worn-out horses to the Continent the Ministry of Agriculture should issue a statement that "the matter is receiving official and serious consideration." An almost precisely similar statement was issued officially ten years ago; yet in the interval thousands of horses have died in misery and pain through the wanton indifference of those whose duty it was to put an end to this appalling traffic.

The Wrong Thompson.

Our well-known and popular contributor, Mr. Alexander M. Thompson, has received many flattering tributes from the public. He has just received one that he does not appreciate in the least. Some man is going about the West of England, posing as Mr. Thompson, getting accommodation at hotels and boarding-houses, and leaving without paying the bill. If Mr. Thompson could find the rascal he would no doubt deal with him in his usual trenchant style. But he cannot catch him. In the meantime we issue this warning in the hope of frustrating a dirty trick.

Church to Blame.

The Bishop of Wakefield, Dr. Eden, made a great effort to solve the mystery of missing money in a clothing club run by the Rev. Robert Ernest Sheaf, of Staincross, Barnsley. There is a mystery. Sheaf, in addition to his curate duties, for which he never received as much as an engine-driver, was expected to keep the accounts of an organisation with a turnover of £1,300 per year. He knew nothing of business. He gave open-handedly to persons in distress; he was muddled and careless. That Mr. Justice Finlay referred to Sheaf's "lamentably low stipend" and gave him the nominal sentence of six months in the second division tells its own story.

terston, is a little old man
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ting a donkey by beating
with a whip whilst drunk
Chelsea, has been fined
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eadly Spirit.

hen a middle-aged woman charged at
an with drunkenness confessed to having
loyed methylated spirit as a lotion for her
, the magistrate facetiously enquired, "In-
or out?" The joke is all very well, but the
t to which methylated spirit is being drunk
omen in the larger cities, the police apparently
g powerless to prevent it, is a social tragedy.

y No Value.

enry Herbert Bates is a once-wealthy man,
found himself in the dock at Marylebone,
nced to twelve months' hard labour for
. When he married he received a fortune of
00 with his wife, and, losing it, declined to
down in the world, turning to petty robberies,
ue frauds, and the like for a living. The end
is sort of keeping up appearances is always
same. The only real coming-down in the
is loss of character, which Bates forgot.

Ex-Soldiers Fare in Sussex.

I wonder whether the prejudice I have met
against ex-Service men in this neighbourhood
neral? To my mind it is scandalous to weed
all the letters from ex-Service men, but that
hat a farmer told me is the usual practice
ngst the farmers here." The foregoing is an
ct from a letter written to a Middlesex ex-
er, at present unemployed, by a Sussex lady.
k God the majority of our employers are
so lacking in patriotism as farmers of Sussex!

ntal Foolishness.

lite rightly the appeal of Edward Smith
st his sentence of ten years' penal servitude
been dismissed. Smith is a whining hypocrite,
posed as a member of a brotherhood which
d poor people in distress. In this guise he
ned the consent of the parents of a certain
o take the child away into a good situation.
he wronged her, and otherwise acted with
violence. Such a rogue is well out of society's
but what can be said of parents who so
y trust their children to plausible strangers?
a great pity that they are not called upon to
some of the punishment.

mailer Draws Blank.

new terror has been sprung upon women
ng apart from their husbands in seaside
ngs. Mrs. Annie Nolan, lodging-house keeper,
y View, Howth Summit, is one of its ex-
nts. She alleged misconduct against a
n who stayed in her house, offering to keep
e if a sum of £300 was paid over. Fortunately,
intended victim had grit and brought the
r to court. Nolan was found guilty and now
ree lodgings for herself for five months. But
ffair is a warning. Those threatened by
mailers must show the courage of the Dublin
n draper who was Nolan's intended victim.

se of Proportion.

man who calls himself Goring, but whose
name is Guggenheim—he is of Hungarian
nt, but served in the British Army—savagely
the manager of the Brighton Employment
nge. The manager might have lost his life,
e was knocked under a 'bus which narrowly
d him. Guggenheim was sent to jail for a
h. The magistrates next door, at Hove, the
day sent a young girl named Ivy McKellar
ison for six weeks for stealing 5s. and for
ng to enter a home for twelve months.
ently it is safer to beat an official than to
magisterial advice.

People's Money.

Worcester reader, who replied to a *Daily*
aph advertisement, received a reply from a
less personage styling himself, "Secretary,
n Ballot of France," with an address at
Court Gardens. The ballot had at its
al, the "secretary" stated, a limited number
ttery bonds, guaranteed by the French
rnment and divided into shilling shares.
s were to be appointed throughout Great
n to sell the shares, and our Worcester friend
enerously informed that he could deduct 5s.
ission for every twenty-five tickets sold.
dvice is leave this ballot severely alone.

We Know Why.

Edmund William Horobin has carried on business at 10, South Parade, Parsonage, Manchester, as the Alpha Publishing Co. and the Triangle Agency, distributing "racing information" from "people who knew which horse was going to win next day." Why did he not use it for his own benefit and keep out of the bankruptcy court?

A Notorious Abuse.

Recently two London solicitors, Messrs. W. J. Tabrum and Sydney Steele Wilson, were struck off the Rolls for unprofessional conduct. They lent their names to a moneylending shark named H. B. Hunt, who used them as tools and who practically ran a solicitor's business without being a solicitor. Too many solicitors are getting into trouble nowadays, and the Law Society ought to make new rules to meet this danger to the public.

"A Baronet's Bounce."

Following upon our criticisms on July 25 of Lt.-Col. Sir Broderick Hartwell, Bt., and the failure of the seventh shipment of his rum-running scheme to America, an investor has been informed by the baronet that he "hoped to make an arrangement by which contributors would be repaid in full." No details were given. We hope Sir Broderick will soon say something really worth while in regard to this fiasco.

Unqualified "Healers."

It is good news that the British Medical Association has declared open war on the so-called "spiritual healers," whose unsavoury methods have so often been exposed in JOHN BULL. The quack who without medical qualifications attempts to treat serious diseases is an enemy of the community. In a case recently brought to our notice, a woman suffering from cancer had allowed herself to be treated by no fewer than three of these impostors, before revealing her condition to a medical man. This abuse calls for the most drastic remedies.

Bring Him Back!

When are the police going to arrest Henry Gordon Lewin, alias Jack Gilmour? We exclusively exposed his plunder scheme as a moneylender (Lendal, Ltd., Queen's Road, Bayswater, with various provincial branches) and the cunning by which he financed it from money obtained from his employees. We denounced him at the time of his disappearance, but the police apparently took no active steps and he got away, leaving no information as to what had happened to something like £28,000. We believe he is now in Toronto. He should be brought back at once and made to face his deeds.

Dangerous Business.

"Sandy McNab," otherwise Adam Arthur, the ex-music-hall artiste, who was once sent to jail for an offence against a little girl, was exposed by us in 1922, when he was running a fee-snatching "League for Lonely Men and Women," in the name of Arthur H ll. He is now, in the name of Heathcote, running a business at 150, Southampton Row, W.C.1, called the "Guides' Bureau," where he offers to provide visitors to Wembley with guides of either sex, who can be obtained "for one day or longer as required." We advise visitors to have nothing whatever to do with any introduction effected by "Sandy McNab."

A Crisp Affair.

A "bargain merchant," named W. Crisp, is very busy touring the provinces just now. He sends round a circular offering for sale "an enormous stock of general merchandise thrown on the company's hands through damage done," and, adorning his bills with the picture of a train, suggests that he is the sales representative of a railway company. A reader bought and got some cloth for 30s. from Crisp, on the definite understanding that a tailor would call round to make it up for him. Since Crisp got his money the reader has heard nothing, and letters to the firm's offices—"Mansell Street, London, S.E."—are returned as being "insufficiently addressed." This is certainly a crisp way of doing business.

Problems of Life

The Shackled Citizen

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

JOHN STUART MILL said, with remarkable prescience, that one great problem before civilised society in the future would be that of reconciling individual liberty with the indispensable requirements of social existence.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

Another notable Victorian thinker, Herbert Spencer, expressed considerable misgiving with reference to certain social tendencies which he saw already at work. In "Man versus the State" he argued for a greater regard to be paid to the conservation of individual rights and the encouragement of individual initiative than the spirit of the time foreshadowed.

We have less liberty now than then.

We are threatened from two sides: the side of high finance and the side of organised labour, with the State as the instrument of both.

Neither seems to care a fig for that precious thing, the power of the ordinary man to shape his life as he pleases.

TO be sure, he cannot have any real individual liberty without a measure of social restraint, but the restraint applied should be the smallest compatible with security.

Without social order we have only the precarious and barbarous life of the jungle and the desert; with it we should be able, consistently with justice to others, to develop our several individualities as may seem best to ourselves.

We are far indeed from realising this ideal.

More and more the private citizen is being interfered with, coerced, managed, driven, fleeced.

Everybody seems to take for granted that the individual exists for the sake of the State, and not the State for the individual.

Never was a greater fallacy. The State has no meaning and no value except as it can furnish an area wherein the individual may find opportunity to live a free and happy life.

What the State forgets to do in the way of bullying and tyrannising over the unfortunate taxpayer is done by the tensions of Capital and Trade Unionism.

YET, as the experience of the past amply demonstrates, life is finer, loftier, sweeter in proportion as men are free to do the things they want to do and enjoy doing.

Some would abuse and degrade this enfranchisement, but the majority would not.

There is that within us which would impel us to make use of the opportunity to beautify and enrich the common store of good.

As an American publicist says: "The time may come again, if indeed it has not come already, when man will be justified in asserting true freedom, even, it may be, at the cost of their lives, against the monstrous encroachments of the materialistic State."

KING OF CRIME UNMASKED

SECRET HISTORY OF LONG FIRM FRAUDS

Scotland Yard Defied

OUR Special Commissioner has continued his enquiries in the under-world into the inner life of William Harrison, the amazing crook who was recently sentenced at the Old Bailey to four years' penal servitude.

Harrison is the man who was convicted for possessing plant for the manufacture of spurious notes. Some people have been led to believe that he was the head of the counterfeiting gang, and certain newspapers have erroneously affirmed that view. Harrison was nothing of the kind. He was, it is true, one of the chief members of the gang, but not one of the master criminals, who are still at large. He has been punished for the part he played in the counterfeiting plot. But it is a scandal that he was never caught for his amazing activities in regard to Long Firm frauds.

The thieves and their code

In a previous article concerning Harrison, we told how two minor crooks, Edward King and Jack Marks, opened an office in the City and obtained thousands of pounds worth of goods on credit which they sold for real money and then disappeared. Harrison financed them, and we stated plainly that if the police followed certain lines of investigation they should get on the track of the influential and super-rogues who, in turn, financed and "directed" Harrison and other people like him.

We now have much more to say. Harrison was in close touch with the leaders of some of the most audacious Long Firm frauds of modern times. It was his business to take instructions from them and to pass them on to an army of minor crooks, mostly aliens, who worked under him. It was an unwritten law that if the minor crooks were caught by the police they were not to betray Harrison. If one had broken his promise and "split" on him, Harrison was in turn bound not to betray his superiors in crime. He has not done so. They are still at large, busily arranging further coups with the other "Harrisons" in their pay.

Bogus companies' bogus debts

Let us clearly show the important part Harrison played in the Long Firm frauds. Some time ago he took an office at Kingsway House, and there opened a business in the name of Hemmings and Company. Hemmings and Company was a fake concern, but, on the face of it, looked like a firm of substance. We will show what a valuable instrument it was in the hands of the Long Firm raiders.

A little while ago a concern called Cantor and Co., Ltd., failed. It was a Long Firm swindle, and its directors obtained £12,000 of goods from unsuspecting traders by faked references. All these goods were sold, and when Cantor and Co., Ltd., went into liquidation the directors prepared a list of faked debts in order to pretend that its business had been a straight one. The interesting point about this is that Hemmings and Co., otherwise the engaging Mr. Harrison, owed them nearly £2,000!

Chief Constable Wensley, Scotland Yard, who is in charge of "Long Firm" investigations.

Now, from a long list, let us take another case. Maurice Clements and Co., a few months ago, operated in Basinghall Street, E.C., as woollen merchants. Mr. Clements, the leading light, got goods on the same principle as Cantor and Co., Ltd., and disposed of them in a similar way. When Clements and Co. went into liquidation with liabilities of something like £20,000, Mr. Maurice Clements copied the engaging trick of Cantor and Co., and in his faked accounts showed Hemmings, otherwise the enterprising Harrison, as owing him £4,000.

Harrison's string of aliases

We could go on giving case after case like this. A man named Adler, for instance, got thousands of pounds worth of goods on credit and sold them on the same principle as that followed by his friends referred to above. Adler was asked to explain what had happened to goods worth £5,000.

That was where our friend Harrison—alias Brookswood, alias Fraser, alias Henderson, alias Clayton, alias Everton—came in. Adler swore that they had been sold to Hemmings and Co., and not paid for. Scores of other crooks, who were really only agents for Harrison, who in turn was agent for the super-swindlers, did the same thing.

Thus it will be seen that Hemmings and Company was a bogus business—a faked trading name for Harrison, who used it to trick honest traders while he, for his superiors in crime, pocketed thousands and thousands of pounds of real money.

A crook in the background

We are investigating the activities of another very dangerous person who is also specialising in long firm frauds. He, on the same principle as Harrison, finances the smaller thieves who carry out the more dangerous part of the business.

He has been behind many swindling companies. He was behind a concern called the Butler Street Warehouse Co., Ltd., which got goods to the value of over £11,000 on credit and disposed of them in the manner we have already described. A lad of twenty was put up as the leading light of the Butler Street Warehouse Company, Ltd.

This lad and two others were sent to jail. They did not "split." The real scoundrel, the man who financed them as he has financed so many scores of others like them, and who pocketed the proceeds of the booty, is still at large.

Making money hand over fist, he is now connected with another company which is rapidly falling on the rocks. He personally owes to all and sundry, and has been concerned in some bill transactions which are of an extremely questionable, if not criminal, character.

Disposing of the swag

Another of his numerous activities is helping fraudulent bankrupts to dispose of their stocks. He does not finance these people, but he is quite willing to make money out of them. They are safer colleagues for him and the dummies for whom he has furnished offices and arranged trade references.

In one instance he helped to dispose of many thousands of pounds' worth of furs, which belonged to the creditors of a bankrupt estate, but could not be traced after they had passed into the ramifications of his skilfully contrived organisation.

When things get a bit too hot for this rascal and in the intervals of waiting for his Long-Firm-fraud pots to boil, he has other ways of amusing himself and of raising the wind.

He bets heavily, and is quite skilful in obtaining credit from bookmakers. He is condescending enough to draw when he wins, but when he loses he has almost more than a regal contempt for any possibilities that he may be sued.

The master crooks at large

We know his games. And we are quite willing to hand over to Scotland Yard the information and evidence at our disposal if they are willing to investigate the matter for themselves. Something like £30,000,000 has already been obtained by Long Firm frauds from the textile trade alone. So far only the minor crooks have been caught and punished. The master crooks are at large.

Are they to remain for ever immune? Is the £30,000,000 fraud to be permitted to grow into a £60,000,000 fraud, or even a more gigantic swindle still, before the real Kings of Crime are brought to book and sent to jail?

An Artful Move

Evading Compensation Claim

WORKING men all over the country will be grateful to Sheriff Malcolm, of Dundee, for the sharp way he dealt with an attempt to jockey out of his rights a Scottish workman who was suffering from injuries sustained in the course of his business.

This man, John Lindsay, a slater, of 14, Stirling Street, Dundee, was working on the roof of a house when suddenly the scaffolding gave way. Fortunately, however, he was able to clutch a pipe, to which he clung suspended for some time 40 ft. above the ground and momentarily expecting death. Ultimately he was rescued and lowered by ropes.

Old before his time

As the result of the accident, Lindsay suffered from physical injury to the head and hands, but what was much worse, he suffered from shock which left him totally incapacitated for work. A slater who cannot climb up scaffolding or work on a roof is no longer of any value in his business.

It was said of Lindsay that this accident had left him "a done old man before his time." He was, of course, entitled to compensation for this accident, and it was agreed that he should receive a weekly payment of 30s.

After he had drawn this for some time, a bright idea occurred to Mr. Charles M. Murdoch, manager of the Dundee branch of the National Employers' Mutual & General Insurance Association, Limited, the company that had to make the weekly payment. He went to Lindsay's employer and persuaded him to offer Lindsay a job at punching and dressing slates, for which he was to be paid £2 15s. a week.

Now this was a bogus job, for he cannot be made to pay, and the employer would not pay such a wage. So the insurance company undertook to pay it for a period of two months. The effect of such an arrangement would be that Lindsay would imperil his right to compensation and at the end of two months might lose his job.

A mean and dirty dodge

Sheriff Malcolm denounced this as a flagrant breach of the Insurance Act and a significant manœuvre to coerce this feeble old man into accepting work for which he was totally unfitted and which, had he accepted it, would shortly have been ended.

We agree that this was a mean and disreputable dodge, and think that it merits the fullest publicity as a warning to others and to enable poor people to understand the snares that may be laid for them when it is to the interests of an insurance company to avoid its obligations.

It is bad enough for a workman to be seriously injured in earning his living. It adds to his tragedy if his rights may be filched from him.

Halloran's Humbug

Lost Fortunes in Land

A READER has written to consult us about an investment he has made in Australian l. He is purchasing on the alment plan four lots of land at berra, the federal capital city ustralia.

s most people know, Canberra is e the home of the federal parlia- t, and a gentleman named Henry Halloran, who had an address at tralia House and has another at Sloane Street, London, S.W., uaded him to buy this land as prospect of a fine investment.

e notice that in one of Mr. oran's pamphlets he quotes an ion in the following words: dging by the very large increases alues which have taken place in ting cities in Australia, when rs did not move nearly so fast o-day, and in circumstances not ly so favourable as the building new capital city for a whole inent, together with its harbour uch a famous port as Jervis Bay, return to the investors after a t lock-up might be very sub- tial."

land deal— bankruptcy

hat, as we say, is a financial ion. Now let us quote a financial

A young man, who was a her's assistant, was persuaded to two plots of land at Jervis Bay the Halloran concern. He was ay £160 for the two and he paid n £10, so that he owed £150.

eeting a gentleman from Jervis who spoke to him about land, t once asked the Halloran con- to allow him to forfeit his sit. This request was refused, Mr. Halloran has now sued the -hungry butcher's assistant for under the agreement, has got ment against him and made him nkrupt.

hat land was bought four years If the land was going to im- e as rapidly as the financial ions quoted by Mr. Halloran ests, it would have been folly to the butcher's assistant any ce of paying up his money and ing the land. But the fact that as sued shows clearly that the had not increased in value, or deposit would have been seized the land resold.

ve it Australians!

r. Halloran has been pushing the of Australian land in this try for years. Pamphlets issued est that enormous money can be e out of real estate in Australia. s are quoted where land bought £500 less than a hundred years is now worth over £5,000,000.

he bankrupt butcher's assistant, loubt, is of our opinion that the h-puffed land bargains may be with greater safety to the ralian people.

HOTELS on our BLACK LIST

A WOMAN WHO MUST BE DEPORTED

Why the Home Secretary MUST Act

A FORTNIGHT ago we made some startling revelations concerning the undesirable and more dangerous night clubs and other evil resorts of London, and asked the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, to give the matter his personal attention.

Our article has caused a flutter not only among the general public, but in official quarters. Police officers have discussed it and remarked on its accuracy, and upon the common-sense of the proposals we made to help them in their task of defeating the activities of the night club runners.

Since our article appeared the police have raided several evil night club haunts in the West End of London, particularly in Soho. We have the names of these places in our possession and understand that summonses are being issued against the proprietors.

Haunts of evil characters

Since then some other very remarkable events have taken place in the night club world. Most of these places are the meeting places for crooks and thieves, loose women and dope addicts. They crowd into these dens when decent people are asleep, and drink and dance until the early hours.

Some of the dens are, of course, more notorious than others. But in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus there are several dreadful places which ought to be closed down.

A few weeks ago a notorious character, named Berry, who had several convictions for assault and who had only recently come out of jail, went to the Oak Club, Denman Place, Piccadilly. The Oak Club is one of the undesirable class. Berry followed another man out of the club and robbed him of his wallet. What sort of club is it that will have such dangerous ruffians as Berry there?

Another night club affray—

Not long ago a bookmaker named John Phillips, of Macclesfield Street, City Road, and Herbert Peters, who appears to be a person of no fixed abode, wanted to enter the Oak Club. Joseph Moty, of Margaret Street, London, W.C., who is the doorkeeper of the Oak Club, refused them admission. The Phillips-Peters duo did not agree with this and, according to Moty, tried to strike him. There was a scuffle and a gentleman named Jack Blitz came on to the scene.

Mr. Blitz is the treasurer of the Oak Club. He apparently joined in the disturbance between his colleague Moty and their visitors.

The quarrel heightened. Police whistles began to blow. A large crowd gathered—a crowd composed of the characters one expects to find in such a notorious quarter at that time of night.

Police Constable Stuart came on the scene. His report is that there was a general mêlée at Denman Place, Peters being held down by about three men. Phillips had been so badly assaulted that he was taken to Charing Cross Hospital.

—and the sequel

Going to the Oak Club, P.C. Stuart found three pieces of iron rail—which, in assaults of this character, make pretty weapons. The result was that Phillips and Peters were charged a day or two ago at Marlborough Street Police Court with wilfully damaging the glass window panels of the Oak Club, while Messrs. Blitz and Moty were at the same time charged with assaulting Phillips and Peters with a bar of iron and a bottle.

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, who ought to revive the dropped Night Club Bill

The magistrate bound all four over, remarking that all of them were concerned "in this breach of the peace."

The whole registration system of clubs like this, which make their own hours, and which admit anybody for drinking purposes on the payment of a nominal fee, is scandalously wrong. Anyone, no matter what his record, can open a club wherever he likes, whenever he likes, and admit whomever he likes, by filling up a form at the local police court and paying 5s.

Take the case of Frederick Ford, who was recently jailed for selling drinks after hours at two clubs—the New Avenue Club in Ham Yard and Cursitor Club, Chancery Lane. Ford owned and ran both of these clubs. Was he the type of person to do it? Would he, in a similar position, have been granted a licence to run a public-house?

Night club king's shocking record

In 1912 he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years' penal servitude for malicious wounding. He has been convicted four times of housebreaking, theft and conspiracy to defraud.

In 1920 he was fined for selling wines and beer without a licence and, as we have already said, was recently sent to jail for offences in connection with his Cursitor and New Avenue ventures.

Has that distracted his friends? Not in the least. Some of them, in order to make things more pleasant for him when he comes out, have interested themselves in a recently-opened club situated right next door to the disqualified one in Ham Yard and, with cynical audacity, has called it "The Havinoo Club!"

The police have also, since our recent article, raided many so-called private hotels. We know the inside story of one of these places, and a very notorious place it was. Situated at 37, Torrington Square, W.C., the term "private hotel" was the sheerest camouflage.

Its proprietress was a Frenchwoman named Madame Lucelle. Her real name is Heliene Alice de Puytorac—"Madame Lucelle" being merely an alias. The "hotel" was conducted in such a shameless fashion that complaints were made to the police by neighbours, and observation was kept on the premises over a long period. Eventually, the police got a warrant and a few days ago Madame's "hotel" was raided.

The police have never entered a worse place than this. Evidence and to spare was discovered which proved beyond any doubt that Madame Lucelle was a woman of a most degraded nature.

Wealthy perverts at large

This French parasite made tremendous profits from her iniquitous trade. She never admitted any one under £5—that was the minimum fee. But she got ten times this amount from some of her clients, who were rich as well as erotic and were willing to pay well for the specially staged scenes which took place at 37, Torrington Square.

Some of the "guests" were wealthy men of position. It is a scandal they could not be prosecuted with this notorious French harpy on the charge of aiding and abetting her. But the real scandal, of course, is that yet another alien—and we have exposed so many lately—has come here, abused our hospitality and lived upon the unfortunate English girls lured into her net.

Blaming others for her crime

When she was brought up at Bow Street last week, she was defended by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., who pleaded guilty on her behalf. Sir Henry urged the magistrate not to send her to prison, saying that she had been led from the paths of decency by "some men of depraved tastes," and that, under pressure, she had given up conducting the hotel in a proper manner. We are glad the magistrate ignored this plea and sent this degraded alien to jail.

But will she be deported? We present her case specially to the Home Secretary and ask him to banish this woman from our shores. Meantime there are many more of these dens that the police should raid. We are willing to give the Home Secretary, or Scotland Yard, a long list of "private hotels" and "restaurants" which ought to be closed down because they are nothing more nor less than brothels of the worst and most dangerous kind.

A SOCIETY'S SHADY DEAL

MORE INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE WANGLING

Is Yours a Bogus Policy ?

OF all the ways of taking money out of the pockets of the poor the most cruel and shameless is the swindling that is practised upon them under the guise of giving them the benefits of insurance.

A case in point may be taken in the record of the United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society.

In 1919 the society was carrying on business in Glasgow and obviously doing very badly. In these circumstances it occurred to a number of bright people to purchase the concern.

The bright people who bought it were the directors of the British House Property and Investment Corporation, Ltd., of Manchester. The concern was bought for £900, which, it is said, was spent by the vendors on paying pressing liabilities.

The members of the society had very little to say about the transaction. Fewer than twenty of them —including the officials—were present at the meetings at which it was concluded.

Not worried about deficiency

The managing director of the buying company was a Mr. Richard Martin, who apparently, though he had nearly fifty years' experience of insurance business, has the temerity to say that he saw no accounts, but left the matter entirely in the hands of the solicitor.

When the society was taken over, Mr. Harry Martin, a son of Mr. Richard Martin, became the manager. He at least took the trouble to see a balance-sheet, which showed a deficiency in the management fund of between £2,000 and £3,000. This did not seem to worry him much, for he said quite frankly that they were not much concerned with the status of the society at the time and that they did not think they should consult the interest of the members.

Business bucking up

The first thing the new management did—the secretary of the buying company and the secretary of the selling society were the same man, and several directors were interested in both—was to advance money to the society. They did this by taking out one-year endowment policies and paying premiums on them to the extent of some £4,000.

This looked on the face of it as though the business of the society had begun to buck up. The greater part of the premiums was credited to the management fund, apparently reducing its deficiency, but also concealing from new clients the true position of affairs.

Mr. G. Stuart Robertson, K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, who has had many similar disasters brought to his notice

Put it in another way. A director pays in £100 in order to buy a policy that twelve months afterwards must be worth £105. Out of the £100 he so pays in £75 is collared for office expenses, leaving £25, out of which at the end of a year the society was to pay back the £105.

Purifying the business

Clearly a faked transaction. It is deliberate and misleading humbug, dressing up a dead man in order to pretend that he was alive.

Having put through this amazing and humbugging transaction, the management proceeded to "purify" the business. What happened was that when a policy matured the management said, where such a claim arose from contracts made by the old control, it could not be met, but usually a small offer to settle was made.

There were some policy-holders who declined to allow themselves to be swindled in this matter and they took legal action, though this did not do them any good because the society had no assets against which recovery could be made as it only had the use of the registered office, and the furniture belonged to the British House Property & Investment Corporation, Ltd.

The real attraction

We have said enough to show that this is a bogus company, that it has been run with entire disregard for the interest of the members and merely in order to provide salaries and profits for the management.

Since that management took over, it issued 9,000 new policies.

But the real attraction was that the society had an income of £6,000 a year. On this the management seems to have persuaded itself that the business was worth something like £20,000. It was worth nothing at all except as an example of how insurance business ought not to be done.

Dancing Stars and Fixed Agents

How Artistes are Bled

IT was a wise American philosopher who said, as a maxim of conduct likely to lead to success, "Hitch your wagon to a star!" This might well be the motto of a firm of theatrical agents called Howell and Baud, carrying on business in the Rue de la Paix, Paris. Some time ago those well-known Russian dancers, Nattova and Myrio, one of whom, by the way, was recently concerned in the face-slapping episode with Miss Toots Pounds, were appearing in Paris at the Coliseum Cabaret there.

Hurried signature

Messrs. Howell and Baud offered them an engagement for six weeks at the London Palladium at a salary of £35 a week. A contract was brought to them in Paris and, according to Miss Nattova's account, she was asked to sign it there and then, although she cannot read English, the language of the contract, and is in any case only nineteen years of age. At the same time she was handed a commission note, which she signed without, as she says, having had time to consult any one else about it.

The agents' ransom

Under this arrangement, she agreed to pay Messrs. Howell and Baud 10 per cent. of all salaries received for any engagement or re-engagement with International Revues, Ltd., or Messrs. de Courville and Gulliver.

The engagement lasted six weeks, and the agents duly drew 10 per cent. of the salaries. Then the management took these Russian dancers on at nearly double the salary, and an increased commission was accordingly due, and paid for some forty weeks. In other words, the agents drew over £250 for their introduction.

The dancers then got an engagement elsewhere, but were subsequently re-engaged for the Palladium, this time at £80 per week. They thought they had paid enough, but it was pointed out to them that the commission note was practically for life if ever they were engaged by either of the two firms mentioned.

It certainly seems like slave-trading if young people at the beginning of their career can thus be bound down for the rest of their lives, and compelled to pay ransom to agents for ever, merely in return for a six weeks' engagement, and without any guarantee that they will get any other engagements. If an agent had half-a-dozen stars on his books on these terms, he might live in luxury for the rest of his life.

Not fair play

In ordinary commerce, contracts are sometimes annulled as being in restraint of trade. Contracts like this ought to be annulled as being in restraint of all our ideas, not only of generosity, but even of fair play.

Donald Once More

A New Venture

WE have done our best to bring to an end the gallop of that impudent young rascal, Mr. Donald T. Heaysman, whom we have christened "The Flaxen-haired Fraud." Obviously he is quite impervious to criticism, and the sooner the police get seriously on his track the better.

We need not recall here in detail some of his past performances, as we are more concerned with his present activities. He ran a concert party which he called "The Rooks," and rooked some of the members, stranding the others on the rocks.

Then he started a crusade to find an ideal film-face, and quite a number of young women called at his office and paid him 5s. for his help towards getting them careers in the film world. We have not heard of any stars who have come from his office to dazzle the world.

On the black list

He stranded several theatrical companies, and his name is on the list of bogus managers which is kept at the offices of the Actors' Association. He has also posed as an investment broker, with the only consequence as far as we are aware, that a great many brokers of the humble and unwelcome type found their way into the homes of his victims.

Now he has gone into the employment-with-investment racket—exactly the type of business that one might have supposed would attract him. He persuaded an unfortunate ex-soldier, through an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Express*, to hand over to him £50 in return for promised employment at £1 a week.

An artful agreement

The man took a season-ticket from his home in Dunstable, but he only got one week's work out of Donald, and he is now looking for his money and looking in vain. Donald gives his address as 37, Palace Grove, Bromley, and his business address as 3, New Oxford Street, but at neither address can the applicant get his money back.

Donald is as cute as a fox. He drew up an agreement, undertaking to return the money at one month's notice "either from the monies of the business or otherwise at the determination of the principal." That means that he cannot be made to pay unless the police go after him, which we now invite them to do.

In view of his record and of the latest trick he has played, we suggest that he must be stopped from preying upon the unwary in the audacious way we have here exposed.

Everybody must sympathise with the people who are victimised. But they could save themselves by two courses—writing to JOHN BULL about it before parting with their money, or by refusing to sign agreements which make their money an investment instead of a security.

The Council & Collector

Crass Official Bungling

WE have not yet received an answer to our question why the borough council of toke Newington was so careless ith the well-paid official who re-arded its laxity by bolting with s money, a matter of £7,000. But e have received further information hich makes it necessary to press ersistently for an answer.

The first thing to ask is why the issing official was given an oppor-nity to abscond? This man left s office on June 6, stating that he as going to Brighton for the week-nd, but he did not make an official eport to this effect. He did not ome back on the Monday following, o notice appears to have been aken of his absence either on that ay or on the Tuesday or Wednesday.

ay of escape ade easy

It was not until the Thursday hat the town clerk was informed. hat would have happened in a usiness-house, where a man who andled hundreds of pounds a day isappeared from his office?

An immediate investigation of his ccounts would be held, and if dis-repancies were discovered, and here ey were obvious, the police would informed, and a search would be ade for the missing man.

What happened at Stoke Newing-n? As we say, the absconding te-collector walked out of his fice on June 6. On June 11 the wn clerk was informed; on ne 15 the chairman of the Finance ommittee was told; on Wednesday, e 17th, the police were sent for, that the missing man had nearly fortnight for leisurely departure.

Can there be any explanation t gross inefficiency and bungling r this extraordinary mishandling the situation? Is it not all of piece with the way in which affairs ve been handled by this council?

conditional ward

The auditor's report, made a ar before, drew attention to the satisfactory state of the accounts. gain, this year the auditor com-ined that the bank-slip test had en neglected or entirely omitted. the very time this criticism was ssed the now missing rate-collector s apparently lifting money at e rate of £100 a day. Why was e door left open?

Now the council has offered a ward of £250. But it is only to paid in proportion to the amount covered. If the missing man is ught without any money on him, reward will be paid. If the uncil wish to discourage the search, could scarcely act differently.

Who is behind this leniency, which s enabled the missing man, it is id, to escape to the Argentine? the ratepayers will take our vice, they will demand peremp-rily a full and explicit answer.

FLY-BY-NIGHT BOOKIES

TURF TWISTERS' ARTFUL TRICKS

Legal Odds Against the Layer

THE great proportion of our daily post consists of complaints about bookmakers who do not pay—swindlers who are not bookmakers at all. The police do their best, but they are almost helpless in the present state of the law.

In the police divisions of London which cover the West End, the various police-stations have been inundated with complaints about a man named J. M. McLauchlen. This rascal, who must not be confused with McLauchlan, of Edinburgh, is a bogus bookmaker who has many aliases and many addresses. He had very alluring notepaper and described himself as "the well-known sporting accountant," and used sentences like this:

"My stability never has or ever will be doubted, so you are safe in sending your football and racing business to me. Credit business entirely, successful clients are paid by me on Mondays. . . . I have the largest football book in the United Kingdom; and why—BECAUSE I PAY."

Police raid bogus "bookies"

McLauchlen is a liar; he did not always pay. He had several offices at one time, one of them at 40, Leicester Square, another at 100, Euston Road.

The police raided him, in the hope that they might be able to find evidence that he was carrying on an illegal business—that he was not confining himself to credit business, but was taking money before the event.

McLauchlen was too quick for the police. They went through all his correspondence and confiscated hundreds of pounds which had been received by post and which they had the trouble of returning to the senders. This was money sent by clients in settlement of their accounts. But no money was found with instructions to put it on a future event. The post dealing with that kind of correspondence had been handled elsewhere. The police were frustrated.

The crooks in the background

Sometimes they have better luck, as when they caught a man named Harris, who some months ago opened a bookmaker's business in Oxford Street. He called himself a credit bookmaker, but he issued football coupons to be sent in before the matches were played and insisted that the stake money should be sent with them, win or lose.

The police caught him and he was fined under the Gaming Act. But he was merely a dummy acting for a notorious crook in the bookmaking world. The police could not get the chief, because Harris acted as the boss.

Recently several men have been fined in the district of which we are speaking. One of them is Captain Rich, who ran the *Winning Way*, a tipster journal which he sold for a shilling a copy, and took bets from those who forwarded him the money; another is a well-known defaulter named Jock Campbell, and another named Frank Mills.

How swindles are worked

It is illegal for a man to bet in his office for ready money, and the penalty is a fine up to £100 or six months' imprisonment. Curiously enough, magistrates often let these men off with fines of £5 or £10, even though they have more than one conviction. By the system of having dummies to work for him the bogus bookmaker does not pile up a record of convictions, and if a clerk has more than one conviction he is promptly shifted to another office in a different district.

Sir H. S. Cautley, K.C., M.P., who presided over the abortive Parliamentary inquiry into the betting evils

Another device is the accommodation address. A bogus bookmaker will arrange with a small shopkeeper to receive his letters for a few days. He has them collected every morning, takes the money and sticks to it. When the complaints begin to come in, he closes down that accommodation address, and finds another.

In the higher ranks of this profession are the swell racing crooks. Scotland Yard knows that a gang of eight of them have netted £50,000 this season alone, chiefly from foreign visitors.

Children used as touts

At the other end of the scale are the street bookmakers, and the thousands of people who run their premises for the purpose of betting, and it would appear that much of the time of the police is wasted in harassing them. In one day in Manchester eighty street bookmakers were brought before the magistrates and fined.

Every day in Cardiff and Swansea the time of the magistrates is occupied in dealing with case after case of this kind. The police have great difficulty in getting evidence, as the public do not sympathise with harrying street bookmakers whilst credit bookmakers are allowed to carry on.

The worst feature of the street-bookmaking business is the employment of touts, in many cases women and children and young boys, who are in this way given a wrong start in life. The police authorities in Liverpool state that in 163 betting prosecutions last year 315 children figured.

The police raided three adjacent houses in Seaville Terrace, Swansea, and charged a number of people, including several women, with being concerned in permitting the premises to be run for the purposes of betting.

The widespread and almost uncontrollable nature of these illegal practices, which must be put down, can be gauged by the police discoveries at No. 57, Seaville Terrace. Detective-Inspector Grubb's report states that he found 6,687 betting slips there, and that hundreds of people regularly visited the three houses for the purpose of betting. A widow named Adams, who ran the business at 57, was fined, as were some of the other defendants charged.

Then, for example, take a London case, that of Henry Boulton, a confectioner of King Street, Hammersmith, who has been defying the law for a long time. He was recently charged with keeping those premises for the purpose of betting.

Thirty convictions—and still defiant

The police raided his shop after keeping a prolonged observation, and proved that Boulton, who pleaded guilty, was taking betting slips on an extensive scale. He was fined £45 and costs. He had been twice convicted for similar offences, and only last year was fined £25.

But, worse still, Arthur Clark, of Bootle, has been twenty-four times convicted for street-betting and nine times for keeping premises for the purposes of betting, paying fines of £100 on many occasions. The money to pay these fines all comes from the poor, who ought to be protected.

To-day anybody can be a bookmaker, like George Marsh, a swindler who is now in jail for a razor-slashing offence, and who has many other convictions, or like an inveterate thief named Henry Taylor, who describes himself as a "commission agent," but who, like hundreds of other racing rogues, is known to Scotland Yard as a scoundrel of the worst type. He has been convicted twelve times in the past few years.

As a matter of fact, in all the assault cases that come up in gang-feuds the ruffians engaged are nearly all bogus bookmakers.

Our suggestions to Parliament

The law has tried to stop betting by making betting debts irrecoverable. In the old days they could be sued for, but the judges postponed actions of this kind till the rest of the business had been done. To convenience the judges, betting debts were made irrecoverable by law, which means that the swindling bookmaker need not pay.

What ought to be done is to compel bookmakers to be registered, to make it illegal to do business from accommodation addresses, and to refuse a licence to an undischarged bankrupt or a man with a criminal record, and to make it illegal to send money until an account has been rendered.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I make no apology for returning to the question of unemployment. As you know, the official returns of the number of unemployed have gone up considerably during the past year, the increase for the two months of May and June amounting to no fewer than 115,000 persons. Confronted with such a situation only two courses are open to you. Either you must call the best brains in the country to your aid and devise a scheme to set the unemployed to work, or you must confess that the problem is too hard for you and that those who elected you to office last October trusted to a broken reed. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P., C.M.G., Secretary of State for Air.

DEAR SIR,—As a result of your review of Air Force stations we may expect substantial reductions of expenditure to take place. This is good news, providing proposed changes make no reduction in the comfort and well-being of the men. If the great airships under construction are used to develop trade within the British Empire that will be a subject of congratulation. The minds of men could turn the vast resources of the airways to purposes of peace and make of them an instrument to do away with war.

JOHN BULL.

To the Most Rev. RANDALL DAVIDSON, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I desire to draw your attention to the case of the Rev. J. W. Marsh, rector of King's Cliffe, Peterborough, who has resigned his living because his stipend was too small to keep up the expenses of the rectory. Such episodes are of common occurrence and constitute a grave scandal to the Church. The other day a clergyman was dragged before the courts for non-payment of rates out of a salary which would have been rejected with disdain by the average dustman. I appeal to you, as the mitred head of the richest Church in Christendom, to devise a remedy for this disgraceful position of affairs. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY J. MACDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—Speaking at the Durham miners' gala you urged that ill-will between the two parties to the coal dispute can only knock the whole of the trade and the people engaged in it to smithereens. At Knowlesley Park Mr. Baldwin also went all out for good will, and urged the folly of a strike. Two minds with but a single thought! I shall look for this unity of aim and outlook to help us to permanent peace. JOHN BULL.

To Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

MADAM,—You appear to have viewed the recent crisis in the mines with a levity which does little credit to your sense or judgment. It is easy to raise a cheer at a Labour meeting by talking excitedly about the "tremendous scrap" in front of us. But you know as well as I do that that "scrap," had it come, might easily have developed into something very like civil war. At the best, a great industrial upheaval must result in starvation and misery for thousands of women and children. JOHN BULL.

To Captain E. G. FAIRHOLME, O.B.E., Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.

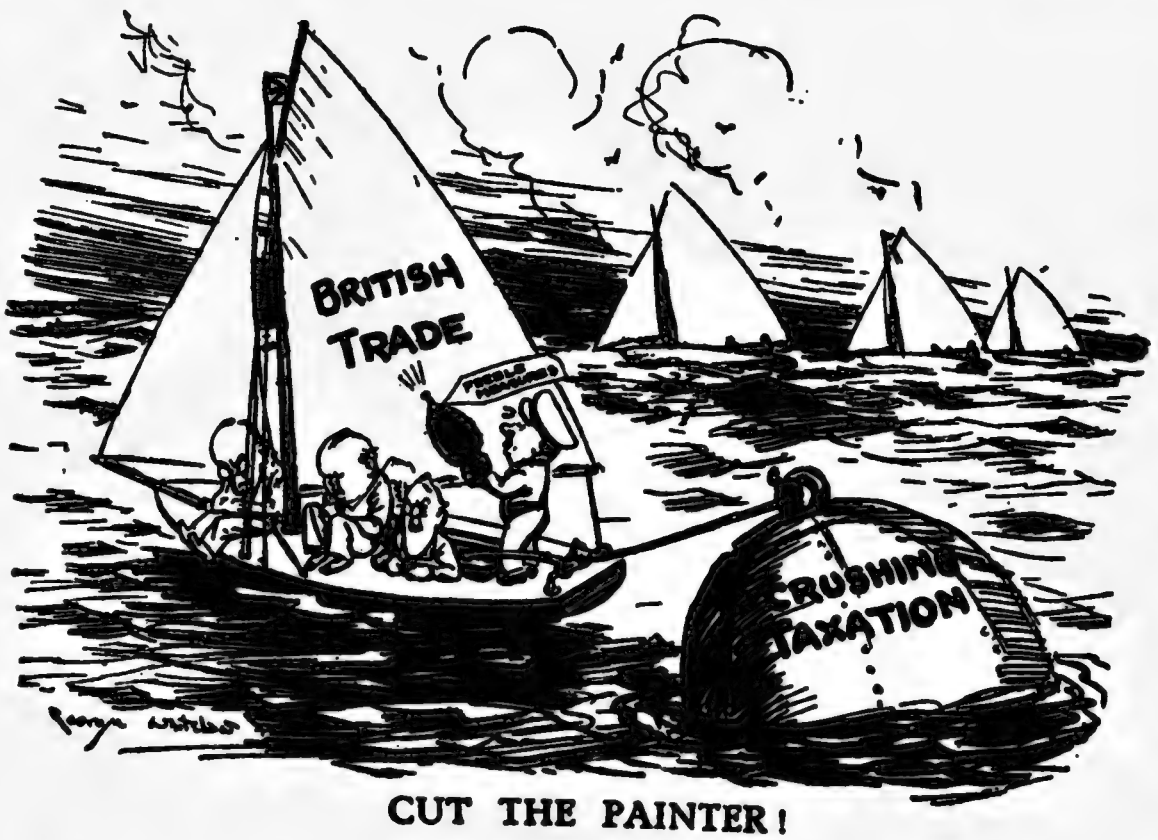
DEAR SIR,—It is good news that the French people are backing up our efforts to stop the traffic in outworn horses. The revelations of horrible cruelty in the horse abattoir at Vaugirard, have had their effect. If a tax, making it unprofitable to move these wretched beasts, is imposed it will be in no small degree due to you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. B. M. DRAPPER, Deptford, and Mrs. WILSON, Kentish Town.

MESDAMES,—I welcome your appointment as members of the Food Council. One of you has wide experience in public work, the other has been educated in the struggle to make ends meet in a working-man's home. I look to you to put life into what has been termed a phantom body.

JOHN BULL.



CUT THE PAINTER!

To Sir HERBERT BARKER, Park Lane, London, W.

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—Before you leave for Italy, I would like to add my tribute of admiration to the many compliments you have received. You have established yourself as the world's greatest manipulative surgeon. It is still possible that you may live long enough to have the orthodox doctors sitting at your feet, but whether this happens or not, you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that you have beaten the medicos at their own game and lifted an immense burden of pain from suffering humanity. Good luck to you. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. C. E. GODDARD, M.D., O.B.E., Medical Officer, Harrow.

DEAR SIR,—In your fulminations against polluted food the British housewife came in for severe handling. Nothing, you declare, can excuse her appalling ignorance and want of care. I hate such sweeping generalisations. A very brief study of the latest report of the work of the Health Ministry under the Food and Drugs Acts will show you the trouble starting further back. Moreover, until every housewife has a place with decent food accommodation, how can you tell which are ignorant and which are not?

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. HART, Wife of the Town Clerk, Sheffield.

DEAR MADAM,—You have publicly announced the intention of your town to wage a vigorous campaign against its slums. A following speaker inclined to the view that new houses were little good unless the occupants had new characters. It is the old problem of the pig and the sty. But even pigs are better for a clean environment, and I am all out for giving human beings decent homes before I judge them. Good luck to Sheffield's enterprise. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BEN TILLETT, Central Buildings, S.W.

DEAR BEN,—I gather from a recent speech of yours that you think the Labour Party is getting "too respectable." This isn't your fault, of course, even if it be true, nor am I quite sure that your diagnosis is a sound one. My own view on the matter is that the Party is suffering from a swelled head and an elongated tail, which at times manages to wag the dog. An animal in this predicament is bound to be a trifle ungainly; but you are quite wrong when you assume that the only proof of strength and vigour is to bark and bite. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR W. SUTHERLAND:—The world is groping towards lower prices.

And still waits for someone big enough to stand up and fight for them.

RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.:—Can we not put aside methods of barbarism for domestic differences?

We can put away barbarism for all differences, just as soon as statesmen will it.

BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK:—People no longer trouble to make up their own minds.

It is equally certain they no longer allow the church to make up their minds for them.

MR. J. BATEY, M.P.:—The Labour Party is against all titles.

A curious opinion in view of the titles both conferred and accepted by it.

DR. LEONARD HILL:—We must teach people to get rid of smoke and expose their skins to light.

Impossible advice to take until we first get rid of them.

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BARKER,
W.

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JOHN BULL.

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JOHN BULL.

Clerk, Sheffield.
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Without Fear or Favour

A REPRIEVE FOR THE NATION

Still Watching!

TO people with childish minds there is no doubt a certain pleasure to be gained from setting up a man of straw in order to knock him down again.

That, at any rate, is the pastime in which the Government is indulging when it sets up a Food Council to which it refuses to give any powers whatever.

Lord Bradbury, chairman of the council, being an incurable optimist, "hopes and believes" that all necessary information will voluntarily be placed at the council's disposal.

Being at the same time, apparently, an incurable pessimist, he does not believe that any solution of the problem of profiteering can be found with "the big stick." He also declines to believe that food can be cheapened by putting "so-called" profiteers in prison.

"So-called" is good—in view of the Food Commission's report which disclosed barefaced and impudent fleecing of the helpless consumer.

When he says that the council will have to consider the extent to which the trust system has invaded the food market we agree with him, although we do not mean the same thing.

The trust system we have in mind is the one whereby the profiteer trusts he will not be found out and the consumer trusts that the Government will do something drastic.

It is this "trust system" that needs breaking down, and it can only be done—despite Lord Bradbury—when the big stick is used in earnest and every profiteer is incontinently clapped into jail.

Meanwhile we do not see the use of this dummy council with a chairman whose mind is made up in advance.

It is the duty of the Government to stop "enquiring" and to act.

One Way Out

WE have repeatedly advocated the substitution of relief work for the "dole," for we have never seen the necessity for deliberately paying men to be idle.

That our demand is justified is shown by the example of Sweden. Between seven and eight million pounds was set aside by the Government for unemployment relief, but it was not given as a "dole" unless relief work was unobtainable.

Drainage, afforestation and so forth was put in hand, and the first consideration was to set the men to work.

The result is that Sweden's unemployment figures stand to-day at normal.

We, too, need afforestation, drainage and reclamation of land, new roads, wider roads, improved roads.

The unemployed need work, if for nothing else than for the sake of their self-respect and their morale.

And the nation would be getting value for money which is at present going down the drain.

We say again that a nation that could raise a series of loans for pure destruction in war time can raise a Public Works Loan for construction in peace time.

Justice Must Prevail

THE stubbornness of the mine owners brought the nation to the verge of revolution. Mr. Baldwin, having brought them to their senses, must now see that the miners get the justice that is their due

A COMBINATION of statesmanship and common-sense has prevailed and a disastrous industrial upheaval has been temporarily averted. The armistice must be consolidated into a permanent peace.

We have never disguised our firm belief that the miners have a sound case. We say quite bluntly that in the negotiations of last week the owners were entirely in the wrong.

The Premier

Industrial warfare, no less than international warfare, must inevitably end round a table. The last phase of war must always be the substitution of sanity for hatred, of common-sense for insanity.

That is why there is never any reason for postponing the conference until after the battle. Reason and argument should be the first phase—not the last.

The mining industry stands apart by reason of its terrible risk, its intolerable conditions, its incalculable importance to the nation's life.

Let us recapitulate some cogent facts. During the last eighteen months about 650 pits have been closed, and over 300,000 miners are now unemployed. Some 300,000 more miners—men who take their lives in their hands every time they go down into the pit—are in receipt of less than £2 a week, with the cost of living 73 per cent. higher than it was in 1914!

WHAT such figures must mean in human misery to these men and their families is better left unsaid. We say, with all the force at our command, that there can be no peace until a living wage for these men is made the first charge on the industry.

It is more than elementary justice; it is elementary humanity.

The nation does not sufficiently understand the conditions of the industry. It does not realise that "blood on the coal" is no empty phrase.

It does not realise that every year 1,200 miners are killed in our mines, that 200,000 miners are injured every year sufficiently seriously to disable them for seven days.

Nor does it realise that 50,000 boys under sixteen (5,000 of them are under fourteen) are employed in our mines. Put against facts like these the desire of the owners to reduce the already miserable pittance of the miners by an average of 2s. 3d. per shift. What justification is there for this in face of the fact that the mines have made a profit of £53,000,000 in the last three years?

We agree with the stand the miners have taken. The solution of the coal problem does not lie either in a reduction of wages or an extension of hours, and in their resistance to these suggestions they have our full support.

WE tell the owners that they must set their house in order. They must co-operate to the full with their men in bringing to bear every means of reorganisation and unification that will restore prosperity to the industry and cheapen the working costs.

They are the custodians of an industry that is a national concern. Let them beware lest they be found wanting, for if they cannot run this vital industry the nation will certainly insist that some one runs it for them.

We do not think the problem is in any way insuperable. Good will, co-operation and a plain understanding that whatever the Royal Commission recommends will be done forthwith should remove this nightmare from our social life.

Justice for the miners is too long overdue. The nation has its chance now. It must not fail again.

Silken Chaos

MR. CHURCHILL'S political stock has slumped badly as the full effect of his extraordinary Budget proposals are becoming apparent. It will slump still further before the financial year is at an end.

It remains to be seen what will happen when a satisfactory definition of "artificial silk" is finally discovered. The Chancellor, whose ignorance led him into the trap, wisely decided to let ignorance remain his guide, and this universal commodity remains at present undefined.

But there is no doubt about real silk. Silk is silk within the meaning of the Act, and as the result of an attempt to work the new silk duties traffic at the ports is tied up in silken cords of chaos.

Customs officers are working day and night to catch up arrears, high rates of overtime pay are necessary, and staffs are being increased in an effort to ease an impossible situation.

What is the exact duty payable on the silk lining of a woman's hat? or on the silk ribbon that ties up a box of chocolates? What is the sense of wasting time and money in futile efforts to solve such riddles?

Present indications look as though the new duty will in the end cost far more to levy than it will raise. Mr. Churchill, who set out to create a reputation with his first Budget, may yet do so, but it will not be the sort of reputation at which he aimed.

He is within measurable distance of going down to history as the most hare-brained Chancellor we have ever had.

He can save himself in one way only—if he proves himself stronger than the wasters, and insists on economy everywhere and all the time.

Ford Units

WE have repeatedly exposed in these columns the dodge by which units, or hundredth parts, of Ford shares were sold to people in this country. We pointed out that the transaction had no sanction from the Ford Company.

We also pointed out that people were being asked to pay much more than the actual value of the shares and they were getting only part of a share, which was not quoted on the Stock Exchange.

The other day a lady who had bought some of these shares took an action to recover her money from British-American Securities, Ltd., the share-pushing concern which had persuaded her to buy. The case was not tried, the defendants deciding to settle, returning the money in full with £50 costs.

Very satisfactory for the lady, but not so satisfactory for the public. The share-pushing company has astutely avoided an open discussion of this unit method. That leaves the field open for fresh enterprises of the same kind.

It is all the more necessary to drive home our warning against dealings with people who adopt the methods that have characterised this campaign.

The Donkey's Hind Leg

Sir Robert Horne, who recently exposed a startling paradox in our industrial life

WE are all too apt to be led away by words, too often spoken with the tongue in the cheek. But it is work that is needed, not flowery rhetoric. Work only can restore the nation to its former stability, and work must be provided

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

A DISTINGUISHED American, Dr. Ellery Sedgwick, has paid us a compliment which rather troubles me. "No fair-minded American disputes the intellectual predominance of England," he says, and adds, "In England one feels intellectual currents running at high voltage." In no other country is there any such pressure of intellectual activity. Good for old England!

But are we getting on with our work? Our fathers, who certainly astonished the world by their achievements, were counted a slightly stupid people. They were famous not for their words, but for their works. The foreigner visiting England in those days was not conscious of "intellectual currents running at high voltage," but of Lancashire machinery and Nasmyth hammers working full-time and overtime. Frenchmen and Germans did the talking in those days; the Englishman, a dull dog, did the work.

This at least is a fact. *The more we talk about economics, the worse grows our trade.* The consequence of bad trade is a very tragic thing. It means pinched faces among children, despair in the hearts of young boys, anger in the minds of grown men, and a very cancer of anxiety in the souls of brave women. It may mean national ruin. Bad trade, in fact, is one of the most tragic and menacing dangers which can afflict a numerous nation dependent on foreign countries for its food.

Thrilling words, with a reproach

Masters and men's officials argue with a brilliance which fills the foreign observer with admiration; but, while these Britons argue and dispute, furnaces go out, engines stop running, lathes cease to function, and the less-intellectual foreigner steals our markets.

Dr. Ellery Sedgwick stood one day in the centre of Trafalgar Square and received a thrill. He felt that he was listening to "the heart of an organism mightier than anything his nation has conceived." "Stand quiet a moment, and the thrill is tremendous. Here still is the very centre of the world."

Brave words, which brace us up, and make us feel that we are a great people with a great work to do among the nations of the earth. But if our coalowners and miners' officials stood quiet a moment at the lowly door of the unemployed British workman would they have a thrill, or would they be conscious of a reproach?

The wolf at the door

Fill Trafalgar Square with unemployed men, address them on the subject of Empire, tell them that London is still the very centre of the world, and not many of them would be conscious of a thrill that was tremendous.

They would be thinking of their children going short of food, of their sons seeking hopelessly for work, of their wives breaking their brave hearts with grim anxiety, and of their own powerlessness to handle the terrific business of ordinary human existence.

Let the glib orator of Trafalgar Square step down from the plinth of Nelson's statue, leaving those scornful metal lions to guard the latest theories of political economy, and let him stand with the lean and hungry wolf at the door of the unemployed workman's home, listening to the beating of the heart of that domestic life, and waiting for a thrill.

Might it not occur to him, as he waited, that far more important than all the theories of political economy lumped together is the cry of the human heart for happiness, and that the only business of Capital and Labour is to provide work and wages for the individual person?

Babble, babble, babble! Words, words, words! The ears are deafened by the war of tongues, and still our trade languishes. It was a silent England that built up the mighty fabric of the British Empire; it is a babbling Britain whose staple industries are on their death-bed. Is it not possible that we are theorising too much, or rather that we have committed the most vital concerns of our domestic life into the excited hands of babbling theorists?

Keeping foreign workers busy

Consider this extraordinary fact of our situation, to which Sir Robert Horne has recently drawn the national attention. Our steelworkers and our ironworkers are standing idle; a vast army of splendid men, highly skilled and only too willing to work—all standing miserably and despairingly idle; and yet we are importing both steel and iron, made by foreign steelworkers and foreign ironworkers, to an extent utterly unknown a few years ago!

The average workman, in my experience, is a man of sense, not a pedant. Left to himself he deals with all the domestic problems of his little home in a practical way. He does not consult text-books or call in experts; he just does what has to be done in the simplest way.

But the average workman, when he becomes one of a body, with an official or two at his head who can spout by the hour, ceases to employ his own good sense, and leaves the health, the happiness, and the future of his family entirely in the hands of men who have theorised existence into a hopeless muddle and manœuvred the prosperity of the British Islands into a very unpleasant contiguity to the workhouse.

I suggest that we switch off our "intellectual currents," and bring into use once more the practical good sense of the British people—that practical good sense which has created an organism mightier than anything the American has conceived and made of a city on the Thames the very centre of the world.

Perhaps the shortest way to sanity is to stop talking, to stand quiet a moment, and to remind ourselves that the realities of political economy are the stomachs of little children, and the human hearts of men and women. Let the masters think of that, and let the trade union officials think of that.

Let us all stand quiet for a moment and listen at the door of human experience for the voice of wisdom, feeling ourselves responsible for the health of little children and the prosperity of our brothers and sisters.

The foundation of the Empire

The glory of the British Empire rests on no other foundation than the moral character of the British people, and that character cannot certainly grow in strength and power if Capital and Labour are for ever quarrelling, and the wolf creeps nearer and nearer to the door of the people's home.

We must have trade, and trade as wide as the world and as steady as the movement of the earth, if we are to feed and clothe our many millions and to provide them with homes in which human nature can expand and develop.

Bolsheviks had better pack up. They may be able to deceive poor Russians, but British workers are "too fly"

The Squeal o

THE dear old ladies—mostly retired from the Army—who write to the *Times* and the *Morning Post* about the deadly imminent Bolshevik peril would find comforting assuagement of their terrors if they read the report, now published in a shilling booklet, of the British Communist Party's last annual congress. For this report most potently shows that, despite the quaking knees and shivery sweats of the Mrs. Gummidges who discern portents of impending revolution and bloodshed in every saucy toss of their housemaids' caps, the promoters of the British revolution are not riotously sanguine.

Mr. Albert Inkpin, Secretary of the British Communist Party

One of the officials, whose English appears to have been impaired by too frequent visits to Moscow, proudly declared that, "in view of the smallness of the Party, it may justly be claimed to be the most extraordinary and most efficient organisation there has ever been in this country." He also rejoiced to say that "the percentage of intellectuals (amongst the Party's members) is almost infinitesimal."

"AND yet, in spite of that," he pitifully moaned, "the total membership of the Party five years after its formation is only 5,000!" "A tremendous amount of revolutionary propaganda," he said, "has been put into Sheffield. . . . Yet the net result of our work in Sheffield during the last twelve months, so far as recruiting is concerned, is to bring the Party to the same position numerically as it was two years ago."

A Kilmarnock delegate dismally rubbed this in. "A curious feature in regard to party membership," he wailed, "is that over a period of five years the membership has remained practically the same numerically, but *of that numerical strength the percentage of members who were in the Party five years ago is very small.* . . . Why is it we cannot retain these people who join the Party?"

A Manchester delegate applied pepper to the embrocation. "During a concentrated propaganda campaign in the district," he sobbed, "we made 150 new members, *but* not two of them

Stabbed by a Golden Dagger

BRITAIN is in the midst of an economic revolution. Cool heads and mutual endeavour to find the right path are essential. Employers of labour and trade union officials have a splendid opportunity of proving their capability. If they fail the whole nation will suffer

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. W. A. Lee, Secretary of the Mining Association

THE crisis in the coal trade is over. Mr. Baldwin has bought peace at the expense of the taxpayer, and we can take our holidays in comfort. But though the crisis is passed the root of the mischief remains. And as that mischief is the chief cause of the paralysis of industry generally, we must fathom it and cure it somehow if we are to be prosperous again.

Why is coal dear? Why is the coal trade depressed? Why are the miners threatened with a reduction of earnings? In a word, what is the disease?

If it were a simple disease which admitted of a simple remedy the answer to these questions would be simple. But it is a complicated disease and the best service I can do is to try to disentangle the complications. I should divide those complications into two broad categories—(1) external causes, (2) fundamental causes.

Let us look at the first category. Apart from the general effects of the War, there have been three heavy blows struck at the coal trade.

A good deal, but not for us

The first is the competition of oil. That is not new, and in normal conditions would not be serious; but in the present abnormal circumstances it is a heavy handicap. It restricts the world demand at a time when that demand is at its lowest. It hits South Wales particularly hard. Many ships which used to coal at Cardiff now take in oil on the other side of the Atlantic or wherever most convenient.

The next blow comes from the reparations coal which Germany has to pour into France and which France can sell abroad at a price with which we cannot compete. If you go to Holland, for example, you will find British ships taking in German coal which has been delivered to France and sold to Holland. (There is an even more disquieting sight. *You may see British ships being repaired in Dutch yards.* That by the way.)

There is nothing to prevent this coal underselling us. It has cost France nothing, and if it suits her to sell £100,000 worth of reparations coal for, say, £80,000, she has still done very well out of it. She is not concerned to study the interests of the English miner. He is only interesting to her when war comes and his help is useful. But it is this trade which is one of the potent factors of depression in the British coal industry.

Another Dardanelles gamble

The third external blow from which the coal industry is staggering has been struck by Mr. Churchill. I am not going into the arguments for and against the return to the gold standard, but I am convinced that Churchill's policy of *forcing* the return is one of the main causes of the present depression in all our foreign trade, and especially in the coal trade. It is an attempt to cure a disease by a terrific surgical operation. It is another Dardanelles "gamble."

In raising the value of our sovereign abroad *we raise the price of our goods abroad.* Instead of selling *below* our rivals we have to sell *above* our rivals or not sell at all. Last June British coal was *cheaper* in Brazil than United States coal by 45 cents a ton; to-day it is *dearer* than American coal by 63 cents. That is the price of Mr. Churchill.

What is the result? Wages have to come down at home to enable us to produce cheaper. The sovereign looks the dollar in the face. It cannot do so on its present merits any more than B nbardier Wells could look Dempsey in the face on *his* merits.

The sovereign can only look the dollar in the face if the British workman will stand a 10 per cent. cut in his wages. Hence the trouble. I know the argument for the surgical operation, but, however sound that argument may be, I believe the operation to be premature, mistaken, disastrous. These are the main external and (as I hope) temporary causes of the depression in the coal trade.

Let us turn to the second category—the causes which are inherent in the trade itself. These, again, may be divided into two classes, political and economic. There is bad blood in the trade. The miner believes that he has been badly treated by the private owner and he is determined to abolish him and institute public ownership and control of the trade. Some of his leaders have openly advocated a policy of making the present system unworkable in order to bring it down.

That is another violent surgical operation which, in killing the patient to cure him, is helping to ruin every industry that depends on cheap coal, and is perishing because it cannot get cheap coal. I believe the case against the masters in the past is a real case; but I do not believe that nationalisation is a real remedy or even a practicable scheme.

Scrap the old mines

But at the root of these political discontents is the economic chaos of the trade. Roughly speaking, half the coal in this country is produced in conditions that can produce profit for the owners and abundant return for labour; a quarter is produced in fair conditions; a quarter is produced in mines like those of the Forest of Dean which give no profit and a starvation wage. It is these old, obsolete mines which cause the trouble, make coal dear and keep the trade in a ferment of unrest. If we could rely on our rich seams and our modern well-equipped mines we could have cheap coal and contented labour.

But the attempt to maintain poverty-stricken mines only results in bedevilling the whole industry. In many of these mines in South Wales and Lancashire the miner can only hew a ton of coal against the four or five tons hewn in a South Yorkshire pit. How is it possible to fix equal conditions and pay for men whose production is in the relation of one to five?

How to weather the storm

What we need is to hasten with all speed the transition of the trade from the low-grade and semi-exhausted pits to the rich seams which await development. The transition is in progress, but it must be pressed forward.

With a national policy of regulation the old pits could be painlessly extinguished out of the riches of the new, while many of them might be used for experimental work in regard to low carbonisation and other scientific developments which must play a large part in the revival of the industry.

That revival will come, but we are in the midst of an economic revolution in the industry, and breaking heads and smashing the furniture will not help us to emerge from it. We want cool heads, good tempers and good will all round to enable us to weather this storm.

he Dying Pig

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

remained in the Party. The big problem is how to retain the members of the Party."

In this woeful dilemma a Stepney delegate made a suggestion which, I venture to think, might solve the problem. Somebody had expressed his amazement that the membership remained stagnant, "in spite of the fact that two million leaflets were issued during the past year," whereupon the bright man from Stepney asked, "Could it not be arranged" for a portion of these luminiferous publications to be printed in "Jewish"?

THERE spoke wisdom. If the Communist Party of Great Britain were to issue their propaganda in Hebrew, Russian, Polish, Czech, Serbian, Hindustanee, and Chinese, they would assuredly have a better chance of securing converts than in trying—not very successfully—to make it English. English readers—especially if they are Scotch—are so beastly logical.

That is the reason why disgruntled workmen don't "stay put." They most commonly come in, as the report tells us, through the agency of "factory groups." These are to be formed in every workshop, and the promoters are urged to hold regular meetings and "the agenda should include all the grievances from which the workers are suffering . . . in the particular factory wherein the group is situated."

Mark the artfulness of this counsel. There are always "grievances" in every factory. A foreman is tactless and offensive. There are discrepancies of pay between different classes of workers. There are chronic malcontents. If Communism can be made to appear as the cure for all these troubles, converts accrue.

But then follows the awakening. The converts discover that Communism means also the indiscriminate smashing of good industrial eggs in order to appropriate them.

THERE is also the delicate matter of Communist balance-sheets. The report admits that from several places it has been impossible to "get any information whatsoever," or "the material supplied for the audit is very unsatisfactory"; or treasurers, "when they get things in a bad mess, think the best thing they can do is to smash up and rejoin as new members once again, founding a new local, and thus getting rid of the responsibility which burdens them."

This kind of thing may be good Communism. Any British trade unionist, any member of an English goose club, would describe it with a shorter word, and leave himself with two syllables in hand for adjectival embroidery.

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in pocket case.

In Sunshine Ward

A WONDERFUL LOVE EPIC

Prodigals who Returned

by PHILIP INMAN

[It has been said that for every comedy there is a tragedy. True it is that in every cloud there's a silver lining. In my articles week by week I shall depict scenes grave and gay. I shall describe the cloud, but I shall endeavour to trace the blue sky which lies behind. These incidents are taken from life, and founded upon my own experiences.]

HANGING to life by a thread—that is the position of a man who lies in a London hospital to-day. Badly damaged in a motor accident, he has remained unconscious for twelve hours. His injuries consist of two fractured legs, a badly smashed body and some terrible gashes on his head.

Downstairs in separate rooms are two women. They both came to see this patient and have been waiting all day. One is his wife; the other, just the woman in the case. It is the old problem—the eternal triangle.

The patient, whom we will call Maxwell, was driving his car in Trafalgar Square when it skidded and came into collision with a charabanc. A friend who was with him at the time had a miraculous escape. Beyond a slight shaking and a few bruises he was unhurt.

Mr. Philip Inman, Superintendent Charing Cross Hospital

It was from this man I heard the story of this strange matrimonial entanglement. He told me so that if the patient "went under" I might know how to tackle the problem of the two women. Let me tell it in his own words:

"Five years ago Maxwell married his cousin, a beautiful and attractive girl of twenty-five. For some time all went well and then, like a thunderbolt from the blue, the crash came. His business called him away from home sometimes for a month at a time, and it was on his return after one of these absences that he found an anonymous letter waiting for him. In it was a foul and pernicious allegation against his wife. It linked her name with that of another man.

"Maxwell looked upon it as the work of a scandalmonger and was about to tear it into shreds when his wife came in. Light-heartedly he handed the missive to her and laughingly told her to have it framed. Five minutes later this fellow, one of the best in the world, had received a knock-out blow.

Two at the same game

"His wife confessed that the letter was true. She had fallen for another man—a married man to boot. Maxwell pleaded, remonstrated, threatened, but she remained adamant. Her only concession was that, to avoid scandal, she would stay at home for six months and then, if her feelings remained the same, she would clear out for good.

"The next day this poor beggar came to see me and I saw at once that something was wrong. He was pretty well dazed and broken. After a time it all came out. Then he asked for my help."

My visitor paused in his story. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and then went on:

"I told him that he ought to play the same game and let his wife know of it. Well, he acted on my advice, and one day Mrs. Maxwell saw her husband with another girl. On his return home she was a changed woman.

His wife first

"She begged him to come back to her, and promised that he would never have cause to doubt her loyalty and affection again. Maxwell told me that he intended to drive the nail well in and asked for a week to think it over.

"Two or three days later he came again to see me. This time he had a confession to make—he told me that he had learnt to care for the other girl. An association started as a ruse had grown into a reality."

Just then my telephone bell rang. It was a message from the accident ward. The patient had just recovered consciousness. Hurriedly I went up to the ward, quietly I walked to his bed. I heard him ask, "Where am I? What has happened?"

Briefly I told him of the accident. Then I said, "Your wife and a Miss Phillips are waiting downstairs; would you like to see them?" In a voice of subdued excitement he replied, "I should like to see my wife."

The Sentence of the Court

Profits in Poison

A Knock for Neville

WHETHER or not it was necessary that "intent to commit a felony" should be shown was the legal question raised by Mr. Strawsplitter when Neville Chamberlain was charged with loitering.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., acknowledged that there was no evidence that the accused intended committing anything. This, indeed, was the complaint against him. He simply persisted in loitering in the Ministry of Health when requested by the public to get a move on.

"I submit," continued counsel, "that, when indulged in by a well-paid public man, loitering is in itself an offence. A reasonable amount of exercise is necessary to the well-being of an individual and it is even more certain that reasonable activity upon the part of a Health Minister is essential to the well-being of the nation; but, although medical men have repeatedly called for more stringent regulations to safeguard food, no attempt has been made by the accused to obtain the necessary powers.

"Unscrupulous traders still sell death by the tin and pursue 'dychard' tactics in the doctoring of jam. At the British Medical Conference Dr. William Savage pointed out that 35.5 per cent. of food-infection outbreaks are due to canned goods. Other doctors spoke of the manner in which bread, fruit and meat are exposed to contamination by dust and flies by day and cockroaches by night. In a recent case one heaped spoonful of cow-dung was found to every gallon of milk.

"More drastic methods of dealing with the scoundrels guilty of such tactics are required, but a Health Minister addicted to loitering is the last person likely to catch up with either the nimble microbe or its human confederate."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that it was no part of Mr. Chamberlain's duty to travel about the country shooing bluebottles out of food-shops. The Health Minister had many more important duties to perform, such as that of providing homes for the homeless. His client could be relied upon to deal with the unclean marketing of food as soon as he had completed his protracted task of "watching" the building rings.

* * *

"THE revelations made at the B.M.A. Conference," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "certainly provide food for thought, though calculated to banish thought of food. One man's meat may be another's poison, but this is no reason why one man's poison should be offered to many others as tinned meat.

"We do not expect the prisoner to assume the role of peripatetic bluebottle-destroyer, but we certainly expect him to see that his officers are provided with powers to cope with the poison profiteers.

"I should feel more disposed to accept his counsel's plea of pressure of other business if the prisoner's deep thinking on the subject of housing had led to the building of houses, but the labours of this ministerial mountain have so far produced only a mouse—perhaps the same mouse that was discovered by a health inspector in a meat pie.

"Probably the best way of making the prisoner active in regard both to the housing problem and adulterated food is to direct that he be placed on a diet of the latter until he solves the former."

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to Registered Readers on Holiday.

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Churchill's Tragic Failure

THE idea of war is still uppermost in the minds of Cabinet Ministers and the heads of the fighting Services. It becomes more and more imperative that the people, who are those most personally concerned, should raise their voices in strong protest

by ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P. *(Late Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs)*

Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

WHEN the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his deplorably inconclusive and inadequate ribution to the cruiser debate, my d was carried back very vividly he years before the War, when Mr. rchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, e a series of speeches about "insur- ," "adequate defensive measures," unfriendly intention," and "no e for competition."

ow, after the testing of naval armaits and after the greatest illustration world has ever known of the futility rce, we hear the same jargon used by sters on the Government bench, and same tags which draw raucous cheers their supporters.

he depressing thing is that we should learned literally and absolutely ing from the experience of 1914-18. not a matter of one sort of ship or her, or one sort of gun or another; is it a matter of insurance against a ible future enemy.

his enemy may not be visible on the on at the moment, but he is easily d; and the time to find him is when Government feel themselves sufficiently prepared, in the military sense, e the truculent tone, and introduce offensive note in their diplomatic tiations.

ke war inst war

curity we want and insurance we , not against a supposed enemy n, but against the worst of all ies, war itself. Yet after the sal failure of force, one actually d echoes of the old foolish fallacy the best way to maintain peace is to are for war.

e Cabinet crisis passed and the ralty won hands down. Mr. hill tried to make us believe that the difference of opinion was between method of laying down two ships or delaying new construction till year.

e pretended economies which the ralty have engaged to carry out are ttle or no account, even if they rought into effect. This is merely a e to allow a beaten Chancellor of Exchequer to save his face.

it is that Great Britain appears the world on one day as the champion of the League of Nations, talking of disarmament conferences and European pacification, and the next day airily voting fifty-eight millions for a long programme of cruiser construction, admitting at the same time that there is no menace and no rivalry from any other maritime power. And yet we are surprised that our Continental neighbours accuse us of hypocrisy.

Contempt for political chiefs

One of the most serious aspects of the position, as disclosed by Wednesday's debate, was the enormous power of the Board of Admiralty. It is a well-known fact that the three Service Departments hold a dominant position not in, but behind, the Government of the day, of whatever political complexion it may be.

The experts, be they generals, admirals or air-marshals, do not disguise their contempt for their political chiefs and find no difficulty whatever in forcing their Ministers to support their contentions and press their claims. Their view is strategical, not political.

The ground-work of all their speculations is war, not peace. Not only do they deem it their duty to initiate proposals for strengthening the particular arm of so-called defence for which they are responsible, but they also think that it is incumbent on them to reject and turn down any suggestions which may emanate from a pacific source or from a genuine desire for international co-operation along the lines of reduced expenditure on armaments.

Of the three Services the Admiralty is by far the most powerful, and in this instance they went so far as to back their proposals by a threat of resignation. From the purely constitutional point of view this is intolerable.

Experts are notoriously bad administrators and incapable of taking broad views or casting their vision over the whole field of our national interests. But if experts refuse to be the servants of an administration, and insist on being the masters, the whole authority of Cabinet and, indeed, Parliamentary government itself is reduced to a farce.

It is always difficult in a Service debate, more especially in a naval discussion, to avoid the tangle of technical controversy. The excuse that the proposed cruisers are, in fact, not new construction but replacement sounds plausible enough until it is examined closely.

Replacement does not only mean that you are keeping up to the former lines, it means also that you are going beyond that line because your new cruisers are going to be in all respects superior to those which they replace. In an insidious way, therefore, armament competition begins accompanied in each country by all the usual pretexts, excuses and apologies, which, however, do not alter the bare fact.

Much play was made with the comparative tables of naval strength in order to show how modest was the request which was being made to Parliament, how manifestly unprovocative and how wise and sane it was as a merely precautionary measure.

There is another device which in these days can be brought forward with a great show of far-sighted statesmanship. Figures are given showing the number of workers which will be required in the construction of the ships, and opposition is condemned as reluctance to relieve unemployment.

Surely, if some thousands of men in the shipbuilding and iron and steel industries can begin work, this is eminently desirable in present circumstances; and so a false appeal is made which, in certain quarters, will find a response.

But, if this method of reasoning is sound, then let us manufacture more tanks, more shells and more munitions of every description.

A moth-eaten theory

If four ships are the minimum for adequate defence, why not increase expenditure, double the number, employ double the quantity of men, and make our security beyond all question?

Here it is that the argument at once breaks down, because even the most empty headed of the warmongers knows quite well that the security of a country cannot be guaranteed with absolute certainty by armaments, however vast they may be.

So, whichever way you look at it, you are led down the slippery slope if you make the smallest advance, and it becomes clear that the path of real safety lies in making at the earliest possible moment a noticeable, demonstrable and genuine reduction.

The warmonger simply does not understand you when you say this is the path of safety. He does not know that the people of the world are growing impatient with their governments because no lead is given away from the traditional course which must sooner or later lead to war.

Patience becoming exhausted

He does not understand that once that lead is given, and once the sincerity of a government or a statesman has been tested and demonstrated, all nations would join, and all would know that they were at last on the road of true security.

The continued suspicion between nations, the timidity it breeds, and the lack of confidence which leads to subterfuges and deceptions, are responsible for the very circumstances which produce international disputes.

The people must see by now that their governments do not mean business with regard to the establishment of peace. It is up to the people themselves to take the matter into their own hands.

Cruisers, battleships, tanks, aeroplanes, bombs, shells, gases, submarines, mines are all very well to talk about, but you must have the men who will use them, and if the men won't use them, and declare beforehand that they won't use them, then, for certain, we can have peace.

The people are the masters in the long run. The final decision rests with them.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

black-shirt cranks whose recent pranks
've read so much about,
surely should—for their own good—
gently blotted out!

Why did we put upon his foot
A ball and chain so heavy!
At such a time it was a crime
This shameful tax to levy!

Here's John, poor bloke, quite stony-broke
Thro' finding cash for Mespot,
To there support a costly court
For Amery's dummy despot!

Tho' common chaps like us perhaps
May think this feat surprising,
To practised "pro's" and such as those
It's mere contortionising.

'Lucana'—the Clubman's favourite.

No NEED to APOLOGISE

No smoker ever apologises when offering 'Lucanas.' He knows there is no better cigarette.

'Lucanas' have, for a quarter of a century, been the cigarette of the élite. Eminent men in all walks of life have smoked them: in fact, only the rich could afford them, as they have always been of the highest grade, *extra-large* in size, elegantly boxed and therefore expensive to buy.

The introduction of 'Lucanas' in the standard *popular* size and packing gives everyone an opportunity, at least occasionally, of smoking these superb *luxury* cigarettes.

'Lucana'

Pronounced: Lu-kah-na

The *Luxury* Cigarettes

The old & famous 'Lucana' Quality yet only

6D for 10

Plain or Cork-tipped Virginia—or Turkish.

Words Winged to Women

"... AND WOMEN MUST WEEP"

The Tragedy of the Miner's Wife

by **MABEL HORNER**

"WHEREVER you see a man," said Mrs. Catherine Despard, "poor, ragged, homeless, and in distress, be sure that somewhere in the background there is a woman who loves him, whose sufferings are worse." I have always treasured that saying. Many a time, and again in industrial disputes that reflected hardship and chaos upon those of us who had nothing whatevertodo with them, it has helped me to remember the human aspect of the problem, and kept me loving and forgiving.

Mrs. Bruce Glasier, who has spent her life pleading for justice for the miners

The trouble now raging round the British coalfields affects the community in an endless variety of ways. Manufacturers with works to keep going have their own class of problem. Workers engaged by the day or the week think of their living. Mineowners, colliers, trade-union secretaries and Parliamentarians will discuss and argue, wrangle and dispute, stating the difficulties in cold, hard terms of output, hours, and cash—chiefly the latter.

And always behind the conference line, where the quick firing of contradictory opinions marks the conflict of warring interests, stands the miner's wife, a sympathetic figure, that women at any rate ought never to forget. I think we do not always forget the miner. We know too well that there is blood upon the coal which makes our firesides homely and safe on a winter's night.

When we cast another shovelful upon the glowing embers we are bound to remember sometimes the thousands who work underground, in conditions which, to those who are always breathing pure fresh air in the open, must seem like the lowermost depths of hell.

Life more valuable than gold

I once dined with a miner. He was a man who had educated himself through books; he could speak with intelligence of things political and had a wide acquaintance with facts. He offered to take me down the mine. I did not go. Frankly and unashamed, I said I hated the thought of going in deep shafts down into the bowels of the earth. He laughed and said that most women hated it, even the women who watched their men go daily to face the risk of death in the pits.

That is one of the terrors of the miner's wife. She lives in daily and hourly fear of the accident, the noise of the explosion that gives her warning of the worst.

A day or two ago I talked with a miner's wife. She knew. "My father was brought home," she said, with dry eyes looking into space. "I shall never forget . . . he went out in the morning whistling . . . before night we heard the tramp . . . tramp of slow feet bringing him . . . I shall never forget . . ."

These things are part of the daily life of coal-mining. I care not what particular brand of politics is ours, we can unite in pressing home the human side of this greatest of our national industries: Mining, as my miner friend in Woodhou[se] earnestly assured me, can be made mu[ch] safer for the miner. It only needs th[e] realisation, that Christianity long ere th[is] should have taught us, that human li[fe] in every instance is of much more va[lue] than gold.

Again, how much more bearable it would be for the collier if only he had a decent home to return to when work was done. Think of it! Set the imaginatio[n] to work! Think of hundreds of worke[rs] returning to worse than hovels, cover[ed] in coal-grime, drenched in sweat, the on[ly] bath a tub filled with water which th[e] women must heat over the fire.

This bathing is done in the living-roo[m] there is no other place. Often it is th[e] sleeping-quarters as well, and the on[ly] possible privacy is such as can be secur[ed] by drawing up a clothes horse, on wh[ich] the dirty, steaming pit-clothes are dry[ing]. Sanitary conditions baffle descriptio[n] for it is common for a dozen families or more to share in the use of one inadequa[te] hut.

The truth must be faced. Mode[rn] intelligence, even in mining villages, is revolting against degradation. The[re] will be no peace until it is remedie[d]. That is why I plead with women wh[o] have votes and interest to remem[ber] the miner's wife, and in imagination p[ut] themselves in her place.

The goal to be reached

If we lived, not each to ourselves, b[ut] as members of a righteous soci[ety] everyone could be "clothed as beautifu[lly] as the Eastern lilies and fed as su[rely] as the birds." To try and put a bit decency and beauty into life is not t[he] great a thing to work for, even for t[he] women who suffer behind the m[ine] dispute.

Will-o'-the-wisp Husbands

Butterfly Women and Truant Men

by **LADY ALYS DEVERELL**

HOW many women does a man need? Or how many men does a woman need? Put thus baldly, the question seems to savour of the ridiculous, yet it is one of the most serious of our time, and its answering may save many a young life from moral ruin and social degradation.

Who can look around and see the heavy figure of the divorce cases without deciding that it is the inability of man to stick to one woman that is responsible for much of the world's wickedness? All of our divorces are because someone—the man or the woman—allowed the thoughts of another to creep into their hearts.

It is because our whole social system is built up on the assumption of one man to one woman that the question is one of the gravest importance. When the home is destroyed the nation is destroyed.

A wrong idea

I believe that the number of "one-woman" men is greater than our decadent novelists and playwrights would have us believe; and I am certain from a long acquaintance with my own sex that the majority of women are "one-man" women.

Yet there is in man a spirit of truancy that does not help our social cause. When he can conquer that spirit and stick resolutely to the woman he has married our home life and national life will be a cleaner and finer thing.

Woman herself can help to crush this wandering desire in man, and man can assist in making woman contented with her lot.

Playing the game

A man of my acquaintance had an experience that I am sure many men must have undergone. He had been married fifteen years and had been a good and faithful husband. He was in fairly affluent circumstances, and he had an opportunity of seeing how the other men of his friendship "played the game" by their wives.

He saw them go on trips on their own to Paris, and began to wonder if he wasn't missing something by sticking to the one woman. He decided to spend his summer holiday alone that year, and, incidentally, he thought he would go to Paris. This is what he told me:

"I thought I had been missing something in life, and I wanted to see what these other women were like. I went determined to see what life held by way of counter-attractions to a happy marriage with a good wife.

"I met a girl and I thought that something had come along at last. She was attractive, good figure, good education, and I looked forward to gadding about with her and having a good time. B[ut] found that I had no desire for her. I discovered that what I really wanted w[as] my own wife! So I left Paris and [the] gay women and glad nights, and ca[me] back home to the woman I am h[appy] with."

There are many men like that. Th[ey] are urged on by the thought that so[me]thing is slipping past them in life, th[at] they are not getting out of it everyth[ing] they should.

Ordinary routine matrimony pall[s] them, and they long for something s[o] something different. So they go out find it, and the results too often ruined lives and wrecked homes.

A lasting gain

There are women with the butt[er]fly instinct who want more excitement t[han] the one man can give, who want to h[ave] all the joys of life, forgetting that [we] can have them in their own homes. T[he] spirit of lawlessness must be conquer[ed]. Immorality, crime wickedness go h[and] in hand with the spirit that seeks rest in love.

Our sure rock is the rock of h[oly] marriage, and men and women can [find] that rock by sticking to each other th[ro]thick and thin. They aren't miss[ing] anything at all by so doing; they gaining all the time.

SLAUGHTER of the INNOCENTS

WHILST dignitaries of the Church and others in comfortable circumstances lament a decreasing birth-rate, the appalling death-rate among poor mothers is allowed to continue without any protest being raised

by THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON

ANYTHING which would militate against the children and against a satisfactory birth-rate of healthy babies must be regarded as one of the greatest enemies of the nation. That such an enemy does exist, within our gates as it were, is proved by Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P., Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health and of the Board of Education, who states that "the nation loses by death 3,000 mothers a year in childbirth, and tens of thousands of young mothers are unnecessarily damaged or invalided thereby every year."

Much of this maternal mortality could be prevented. In 1923 there died in England and Wales 52,582 infants who had not reached the first anniversary of their birthday; more than 32,000 of them died in the first three months from diseases in a large measure preventable. This is a direct loss of life which impoverishes the nation, and it means also that many of the survivors of the 800,000 children born every year are impaired or injured, and are thus handicapped.

Killed and Maimed

As a nation we pay an excessively high price for childbirth. As great as is the loss due to the death of 3,000 mothers, there are still other immeasurable losses involved in many other respects. The motherless infant, the home without a mother, in these and other respects many losses are involved.

There are, also, the countless mothers whose health remains for ever impaired after childbirth. The child without a mother runs a much greater chance of not surviving during the first year than the child with a mother. As great as five times as many motherless babies have died as did the others.

Chiefly, the cause of the high maternal death-rate may be laid at the door of poverty. The poorer the conditions of the family the greater the chance of maternal mortality. Ignorance, the daughter of poverty, contributes to this result.

Poverty is the curse of the mother. It is poverty that causes the poor health of the expectant mother; it is poverty that forces the mother to work during pregnancy; it is poverty that forces her to work immediately after childbirth.

Sir Geo. Newman, K.C.B., Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health.

Again, it is ignorance that causes the mother to neglect her health; it is ignorance that does not demand pre-natal care, public health nurses, or clinics, and maternity hospitals.

We find much fault with the Russia of to-day, but if there is no other institution in Russia that we should respect there is one at least that we should study. In Russia the expectant mother who is forced to work is allowed two months before and two months after childbirth for rest, with payment in full.

A lesson from Russia

Each Russian industry or factory is provided with a nursery, where the working mother is free to bring her babies while she is at work. Special nurses take care of the babies. Industry in England does not give mothers their full regular wages while they are attending their newly-born babies.

The chief causes of infant mortality are: Income insufficient for family needs; disease of the parents; condition of the mother during pregnancy; unskilled assistance during confinement, and lack of care during the lying-in period.

Deaths related to natal and pre-natal causes are greatest. Bronchitis and pneumonia reap their grim harvest in the poor, ill-ventilated, crowded homes.

Any community, in the light of present-day knowledge of health and preventive methods, can practically determine its own infant mortality rate.

Again, as in the case with maternal mortality, one fact stands out. The greatest proportion of baby deaths occurs in families with the smallest income.

Poor wages mean poor housing conditions, overcrowding and insanitary conditions.

Quantity lower, quality higher

Furthermore, poor wages often drive the mother to work, in consequence of which the care of the baby is very much neglected. *There is ample proof that the baby death-rate rises as the father's earnings fall.*

Another factor that enters into this high infant mortality is the absence of birth-control knowledge. This is especially the case in the poorer families. Lack of contraceptive knowledge means more children than are really wanted or than can be properly taken care of. The practice of birth control means fewer children and much better children.

No parents have a just or human right to bring children into this world unless certain provisions are guaranteed for the expected child. The fundamental necessities that must be guaranteed each child are: A proper physical environment; a proper home life; the necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter—and present and future education.

Society must not expect mothers to give birth unless society can provide these absolute essentials. Given these essentials, the high death-rate will vanish.

Playing-Fields of Eton—and Hoxton

Wiping Out a Class Distinction

by REGINALD KENNEDY-COX (*Warden of the Dockland Settlement*)

IT has always struck me as a strange thing that, though England has never forgotten that the Battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton, yet she has never realised that the World War itself, to a great extent, was won on the professional playing-fields of her cities and towns.

Now, youth of the slums wants to play games in the same way as youth of the public schools. Is it to be wondered that he silently envies those playing-fields which are the just pride of all our public schools, and which, in most cases, idle all through that one summer month which we try to boast of in England in August.

COMPARE his little patch of playing-field with the recreational facilities of another class. *Yes! it is in the playing-fields of England where class distinction stands out most.*

Now don't imagine that there is any bad feeling on the matter. Youth at one end of the social scale is much too sporting to grouse or bear malice, and I am sure that youth at the other end is much too generous to allow the present inequalities to continue.

After all, during those years of war all sportsmen, whatever their social status, shared their bad luck together in the trenches or desert—just as they shared their bully and rum rations. Surely to-day they are equally prepared to share their good fortune together—share facilities for tennis, football, cricket and all our other British games.

IT is strange that Governments will spend millions on arterial roads, in many cases ruthlessly cutting up the playing-fields of the people, and yet will turn the ear of the sphynx to the perpetual cry of "Give me ground to kick a ball on" (and where I won't be "pinched" by the police for "disorderly conduct"!)

Quite kind-hearted people will ladle out substantial cheques for sanatoria for weak-chested, feeble-limbed slum boys and girls, after they have allowed them to become reduced to that state by not helping to provide them with the open spaces which their health demands.

It is all very well to talk of the parks, but they are in most cases practically confined to babies in arms or old men and women—neither class affected by sport.

I have always believed in a modified form of Sunday games—I believe in them as a counter-attraction to gangs of our men loafing about the street, just waiting for the pubs to open. Most juvenile gamblers who find their way to our police-courts have learnt their first lessons in the street on a Sunday afternoon.

It is the Government's job to see that the nation has full facilities to recreate week by week its health and life. England needs her youth to be fit and strong, so England must provide the means whereby the muscles can be made taut, the lungs expanded and the chest strong.

YOUTH makes no unreasonable request—it just asks for an equality in sport, so that when England calls upon her sons and daughters to come forward to represent her in the peaceful international contests of the world, all her sons and daughters, irrespective of class or wealth, may be able to answer the call.

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Human Documents

A "White" Black Man

An Enemy Friend—A Brutal Bigamist—The Price of Silence

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I HOPE you may help me to find a solution to the following problem. My advice has been sought as a friend, but I feel incapable of sound judgment in such a difficult matter.

"A friend of my wife's married a coloured man some ten years ago. He came into her life and showed her sympathy when she badly needed someone to stand by her, and ever since he has proved himself a 'white man' in everything but the colour of his skin.

"She has been fairly happy with him, though, having a sensitive nature, she notices a certain condescension in the manner of many of her old acquaintances. She cannot help feeling that they condemn her for having married a 'nigger,' though people who know her husband really well have nothing but respect for him.

"While she is thankful that she has brought no half-caste children into the world, as the years roll by she feels the yearning for the cling of baby fingers, and she has asked me to advise her with regard to adopting an infant. Her husband is greatly attracted by the idea, but she has doubts and fears in the matter.

"WHAT would be the adopted child's attitude in years to come towards the foster-parents? Would the young man or maid look upon them with reproach for having ignored the colour line, and cause them both grief and pain?

"Such a child would have to associate with other children, and it is more than likely that sneers and jibes would be uttered by playmates which would embitter the child's heart against the foster-parents, and their love and devotion might be repaid with hatred and contempt.

"The man has well-paid employment, and the couple could afford to rear a child in comfort, and give it a better chance in life, from a material point of view, than most children of the working classes. But even the attainment of a superior position itself might tend to make the adopted one supercilious towards them.

"What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*While I am glad to learn that your wife's friend has not suffered, as so many women have, by marriage with a black man, I regard such unions generally as so undesirable that I could not countenance the adoption of a white child.*

"SOME time ago, while I was lodging in the same house as a young fellow about my own age, a considerable sum of money was stolen from the safe in the office where we both worked.

A Thief's Friendship

"The theft must have been committed by some employee who had access to the office and could seize the opportunity when the safe was left open with nobody in the room, and the incident left a feeling of great uneasiness among the staff, who feared they would all be under suspicion until the culprit was found.

"Our employer, a good-natured man, called us all together, and, after telling us of the theft, said that if, to exculpate his fellows, the culprit would own up privately to him and restore the money he would not be punished.

"A few days later the clerk with whom I was lodging came to me and confessed that he had stolen the money, being in difficulties over horse-racing, and begged me to help him by lending him the money.

"I had always regarded him as a friend, so I advanced him the money, nearly all my savings, understanding he would pay back by weekly instalments.

"A fortnight afterwards I was astonished and dismayed to receive notice from my employer terminating my engagement without any adequate reason being given, and I cannot help feeling, though he did not say it in so many words, that he was doubtful of my honesty.

"I have not received back a penny of the money I lent to my fellow-lodger, and I am now in great distress, having been turned out through not being able to pay the landlady. He says he is still very hard up, and now I am wondering whether he restored the money as he said he would, or whether he spent it and left me to be the scapegoat, knowing I had no evidence against him.

"What can I do in such a position?"

"Humanist" says:—*You appear to have greatly overrated the friendship of this self-confessed thief. Tell your former employer the whole story. He will find it easier than you think to verify it, and such a man will not let you suffer unjustly.*

"DURING the war I met a man in the Army, smart, well-educated, and seemingly kindness itself. After a few months' acquaintance, we became engaged and eventually married, with my parents' full approval.

Bad Man's Plaything

"After our child was born, he changed completely. He became sullen and neglectful instead of cheerful and devoted, and when he lost his employment he spent all his time and what money he could obtain at clubs, leaving me to work from morning till night to keep the home together.

"Suddenly he announced his intention of leaving me, saying he had found a woman he wished to marry. I discovered later that for years he had subscribed to a matrimonial agency.

"When I protested against his shameful proposal, he laughed brutally and said, 'Our marriage was never lawful, as my first wife was alive at the time, and you have no claim on me whatever!' With that he left the house, and I have not seen him since. My parents do not know the whole of the tragedy. They simply think my husband has deserted me.

"Now I am offered marriage by a good man who thinks I am a widow. I am, of course, free to marry in my maiden name if I explain everything to him, but this would reveal my shame to my parents, and, what seems worse, disclose to my darling boy that he is illegitimate, and that his mother was just a bad man's plaything.

"Please help me with your advice."

"Humanist" says:—*You are deserving of the utmost sympathy. Obtain evidence of your husband's alleged first marriage and apply for a declaration of nullity. Your boy will not withhold his sympathy when he is old enough to understand.*

"A YOUNG man whom we have known from childhood frequently visits us, and my husband has indiscreetly let him know more of our business than he should have done, even telling him about the profits and where he keeps his money when it is not banked.

Sheer Blackmail

"We have often helped this old acquaintance, who has been out of work for a long time, and lately he has taken to calling in my husband's absence and asking for money. I cannot spare much from my housekeeping, and he has urged me to take some from my husband's drawer.

"I will not do this without my husband's approval, and now this fellow I thought was my husband's friend threatens that if I will not help him, he will make disclosures to outsiders about something that happened before I knew him, which he says will ruin our business.

"I do not want my husband to suffer, and I would much appreciate your advice in this difficulty."

"Humanist" says:—*This is sheer blackmail. Tell the fellow you will go to the police if he persists in his demands, and, meanwhile, report his conduct to your husband.*

Squeamish Relations

"My husband, aged eighty-four, has become mentally deranged. I can no longer look after him myself, and the only course appears to be to put him into the infirmary. My relatives, however, say this would be a disgrace."

"Humanist" says:—*Your husband is likely to receive just as good treatment in the infirmary as he would get elsewhere, and if your relatives object to his being placed in the institution, they must be prepared to pay more for his accommodation elsewhere.*

Wrong Concealment

"I am concerned about my step-daughter, who is being sought in marriage by a very wealthy young man. In her teens she showed signs of mental instability, and twice tried to take her life. Even though it will cause trouble, should I not make the young man acquainted with these facts?"

"Humanist" says:—*Certainly, in such circumstances as you describe there should be no concealment of the mental trouble from which the girl has suffered. Such a person should not marry without the approval of a qualified medical man.*

An Unwanted Baby

"I have been keeping company with a young woman who has an illegitimate child. She refuses to marry me unless I agree to have the baby at home. Do you think it is reasonable of her to ask this?"

"Humanist" says: *I do not think it reasonable of you to refuse if you love the girl enough to wish to marry her. Her devotion to her baby is very touching, and should arouse your sympathy.*

Health and Marriage

"I am an ex-soldier, twenty-eight years of age, suffering from tuberculosis, for which I receive conditional pension of 32s. per week. I am running a farm of twenty acres, and my health seems to be improving, but I feel I should be able to get on much better if I were married. Do you think I ought to take a wife with my disability?"

"Humanist" says: *The question whether your disability is sufficiently serious to debar you from marrying is one which can only be settled by medical opinion.*

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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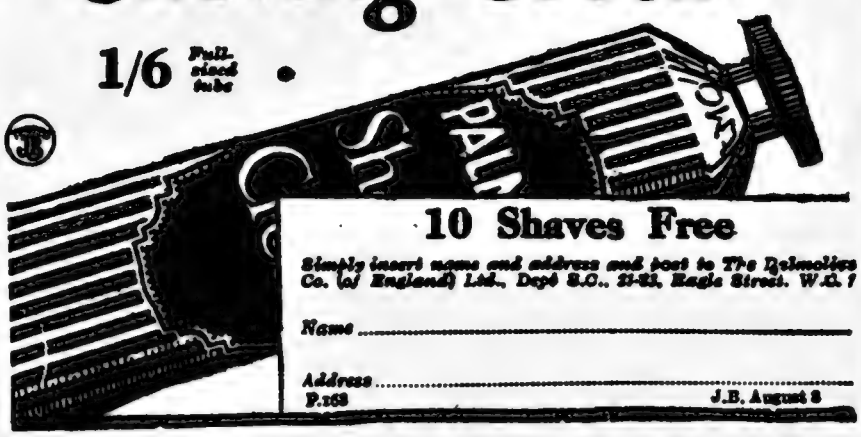
PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

1/6 Full-sized tube



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Simply insert name and address and post to The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept S.C., 21-22, Eagle Street, W.C.1

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P.163 J.B. August 8

One of the many reasons for buying Libby's!

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Rich, ripe, luscious tomatoes stuffed with Libby's Corned Beef. Doesn't it sound deliciously tempting? And what is more it is ever so easy to prepare.

Here is the simple recipe. Just remove a thin slice from the top of each tomato, and take out the seeds and pulp. Break up one package of Libby's Corned Beef and add 1 cupful bread crumbs, the tomato pulp and pepper. Stuff the tomatoes with this, and cover with buttered crumbs and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Order a tin of Libby's Corned Beef from your Grocer NOW and serve this delicious supper dish to-night.

A Tempting Recipe

Make a quart of Potato Salad, and to it add the contents of one tin of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef, which has been chopped. Mix well and allow to stand long enough for the flavours to blend.

Government Inspected and Guaranteed free from any Preservative whatever.

Libby's

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C.B. 15

Order a tin from your Grocer to-day!

Our Letter Parliament

The Peril of the Pillion

When to Marry—Cruelty to Trippers—Buyers who Boycott

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Too-sweeping Remedy

There are black sheep in every fold, and to prohibit pillion-riding because of a few reckless youths would be penalising many working men who, like myself, take advantage of the most economical form of motoring. Insurance companies (hard-headed business men) issue policies covering pillion-riding without extra premium.—*Edw. Rodger, Glasgow.*

Insurance Remedy

Why not prohibit motor-owners from insuring their own cars against driving accidents (insurance against mechanical defects could be allowed), but compel them to insure to cover all loss of life, limb and property of others? That would stop the reckless driving of a great many, and all reasonable drivers would be covered.—*E. Sykes, Kirkburton.*

Danger to Life and Limb

The dangerous practice of pillion-riding should be stamped out. A short while ago I witnessed a most distressing affair of this kind. A crash, a cry, and the pillion-rider, a young lady, presented a pitiable sight with a broken leg. There is only one way of preventing these tragedies—namely, by Act of Parliament. —*Constant Reader, Belfast.*

The Widow's Cruise

Why is it that there is nothing said about the male pillion-rider? Simply because he does not ride the silly dangling way the woman does; but being astride is as firmly and safely seated as is the driver. I am a widow, with eight grown-up sons and daughters, and my only recreation is an occasional evening or week-end pillion-riding on my boy's bike. I ride astride, and have never yet come to grief.—*Not a Flapper, London.*

Roadsense Required

Mr. A. Moseley suggests banning pillion-riding by legislation. Would he condemn bathing because a few people are drowned every year? Is he aware also that the heavy-weight solo machine steers and holds the road better with the extra weight, provided the passenger sits astride and well forward and does not attempt to "control" the machine with her body. Pillion-riding when allied with "road-sense," is the cheapest form of motoring for two, and as such should be encouraged.—*Matchless, Mottingham.*

The Real Culprit

Whilst foolish young men persist in having girls dangling on the backs of their motor-cycles, so long shall we have cases of pillion-riders being injured for life or killed outright. Mr. Moseley says: "It is the pillion-girl and not the young man at the wheel who is most hurt;" but it is the young man at the wheel who is the real culprit. He is responsible for the girl's welfare. If she is killed, then the authorities should nail him for manslaughter.—*V. M., Wimbledon.*

Praising the Pillion

There are always two sides to every case. How many couples manage through pillion-riding to extract a large amount of happiness and healthy enjoyment? Do not motor-cars become frequently involved in accidents? Do not aeroplanes take their toll of human lives? Trains still meet with terrible accidents. Given a comfortable pillion-seat and foot-rests, also a passenger who must sit astride and have confidence in the driver, no more risks will be taken than those which threaten any other mechanically propelled vehicle.—*W. M. Jefferson, Walker-on-Tyne.*

Flirting with Suicide

The element of danger in pillion-riding is so potent that it should be a punishable offence to risk life in this manner. Pillion-riding is just as much a flirtation with suicide as an attempt to board a moving train. In either instance one may go through the experience without mishap, but the risk taken is far too great to be permitted as an everyday occurrence. Why do not the road-tax authorities issue the motor-cycle tax conditional on the motor-cycle being ridden solo? Transgression of this condition would render the owner of the machine liable to a fine or imprisonment. —*George Barlow, London, N.W.*

Successful Marriage

It is impossible to quote any particular age as being the ideal age to marry. Some girls of eighteen (and even younger than that) are capable of deep affection, and are often splendid housewives; on the other hand, their elder sisters are just as useless, incapable and selfish in the extreme. This applies also to the male section. A successful marriage is best based on sound common-sense and good health, a reasonable income, and, most important, love.—*E. Toomes, Liverpool.*

A Terrible Record

In this city there is a thin, little, consumptive-looking man about fifty. He is earning about £3 10s. This man had eleven children by his first wife, who is now dead, four sons and seven daughters. Three of these boys are in asylums; one died at nineteen with consumption. Two girls (unmarried) are in the workhouse with two children each; one girl is in service; one is married, and the other three are in detention homes. Now he has re-married. He pays nothing to help support them, but spends his time drinking. Yet he is allowed to risk bringing more children into the world.—*R. S., Lincoln.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"There will be TEN DAYS racing altogether during THIS WEEK."

"PAM'S PAPER":—"All that Jim could see of her FACE was the crown of the small black HAT she wore."

"HULL EVENING NEWS":—"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a DRESS of pink CARNATIONS."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND": — "'Use WEAPONS as well as SWORDS if extra weight is necessary,' Mrs. Sylvester said."

"RED LETTER":—"His MOUTH twitched; a deep flush crept OVER IT from brow to chin."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—"That gentleman, who desired to remain UNANIMOUS, said: 'Here is £1,000.'"

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Of the twelve Canadians, eleven hailed from the Old Country and NINE were city born and bred."

The Murdering Butcher

It has been proved, time and again, that butchers have sold meat which they knew to be diseased, caring not what happened to those who ate it. When found out, their only regret was that of being discovered. What are we going to do with such men? I suggest clapping them into prison for a good long term, without the option of a fine. —*Pure Food, Elgin.*

A Consumers' League

Why don't the women of the Old Country take a tip from their American cousins and form a Consumers' League? With profiteering rife, direct action is the only remedy. If bacon is dear, the members of the Consumers' League agree to boycott it, and abstain from buying until their efforts have resulted in a reduction to a reasonable price. Bacon reduced, each excessively priced article is boycotted in turn and many a hard-earned shilling saved by this means. It only requires a capable organiser to link up the housewives to make the grocers scrap their overcharges or starve. —*Harold Lloyd, Bristol.*

Passengers or Pigs

When will some member of Parliament move to put a stop to cruelty to trippers, and compel railway companies to treat excursionists as human beings? On long-distance outings, as well as short, at holiday times and week-ends, trippers are packed in carriages worse than cattle in trucks on some trains, and for ten or twelve hours at night cannot obtain even a drink of water. The sufferings of women are indescribable and the conditions a disgrace.—*W. A., Darwen.*

Wedge's Thin Edge

Mr. A. G. Gardiner says that Mr Amery has hinted at another election. If this is the object of the Government, it is obvious that Mr. Baldwin will appeal to the country to again consider his old love, Protection. The tariff already imposed upon lace, steel and silk is only the thin edge of the Protection wedge. Mr. Baldwin would do well to consider the feelings of the people on this subject before asking them to vote on the question. —*A. F. J. C., Liverpool.*

Women's Votes Count

Surely Mr. Baldwin is a well-meaning but quite mistaken politician! Does he not know that his great majority was given by Liberal and Labour voters and by women who wanted "something done" to relieve this unhappy world? What do we find? Waste on every hand, True-Blue out-of-date policy, Army, Navy, Air, Civil Service and Protection. Berths are to be secured for the well-to-do, even if unemployment stands where it did. All this making for the next war will cost him dear, if only the women's votes.—*Enfranchised, Ross.*

Prison, then Pension

Judges talk about the seriousness of long-firm frauds (which is almost invariably the work of aliens) and then give trivial sentences. Thus an alien who stole over £11,000 recently got twenty-one months. What is a year and a half in prison to such a man if there is an income of nearly £600 a year for life when he comes out? Such frauds will be stopped when judges pass a sentence of imprisonment for life, or until at least 60 per cent. of the stolen money is recovered. Then we should get at the rich alien criminals who finance these frauds.—*G. Long, Hants.*

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When you serve a spoonful of Bird's Custard with the fruit on the childrens' plate you make it delicious, as everybody knows. And the children love it. But you do more, you add to the fruit a rich store of Nature's albumen — for such is Bird's Custard — to build up strong bodies, and give buoyant health.

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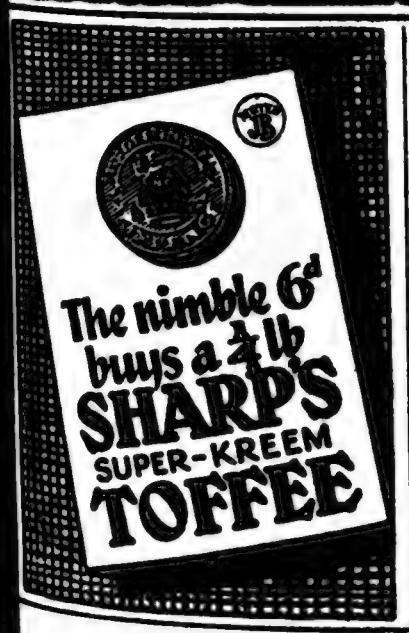

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Mr. Everyman: We would have nothing to do with ordinary hire purchase. It's grossly unfair to lose all one's money and furniture because you can't complete the payments.

Mr. Drage: Now the Drage Way provides that, if misfortune comes to you, you will get full value for all you have paid, less a small allowance for carriage and depreciation, and only return the furniture for which you have not paid.

Mr. Everyman: That's a very fair and very business-like arrangement. Now we've chosen £95 worth of furniture. May we pay £10 now and 50/- a month afterwards?

Mr. Drage: I very gladly agree. Would you like all the furniture delivered on Thursday?

Mr. Everyman: We shan't be ready in two days. Make it next Monday, please. Now we pay nothing extra for the long credit?

Mr. Drage: Not a penny. It's as free as the Drage Fire and Life Policy which the Eagle Star & British Dominions Insurance Co. will send you. No extra charges whatever, no securities, no references are the rules at Drages.

Mr. Everyman: I disliked Hire Purchase intensely, but I appreciate the great fairness and liberality of your Drage Way, and it deserves its great success.

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It is simply this: All the guaranteed furniture, whether a single piece or a complete houseful, will be delivered in plain motors to any address in Great Britain carriage paid directly the first agreed instalment is paid. The balance is discharged by equal monthly payments spread over 1, 2 or 3 years. Drages require neither references nor securities, no extra charges whatever are made for credit, and a free Fire and Life Policy is given you. Should unforeseen circumstances arise you can depend on the utmost consideration, and if you are compelled to cease payment, you will get full value for all you have paid.

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The Latest Pest of the Turf

Looping the Loop Over the Course—Lord Beatty's Runner—How to Become a "Bookie"—A West-End Tout—France and our Selling Races—Second Thoughts

THE next big race is the Ebor and as this does not take place until the last week in August I think we can shelve it for the time being. The weights and acceptances will come along shortly.

Defiance and Cockpit

Barring the bookmakers, the man I noticed at Goodwood wearing the biggest smile was Mr. Paul Nelke, the owner of Defiance and Cockpit. These are the only two horses which he has in training, and they have credited him with the Hunt Cup and the Stewards' Cup. No other owner has ever brought off the Ascot and Goodwood double.

Follow Silent Guard.

I wonder how much money the connections of Silent Guard have dropped over the four-year-old. In the three big sprint races—the Hunt Cup, the Wokingham, and the Stewards' Cup—he was the medium for some heavy backing, and in every race he came with a rattle from a long price to a short one. On the morning of the Stewards' he stood at 25 to 1. At the off he was favourite for money at 9 to 1 with Dalmagarry. He ran well for five furlongs, but was not in the hunt after this. The significant backing of the horse is an obvious pointer. Silent Guard comes from a stable that does not make many mistakes.

The Latest Pest

Looping the loop, banking, and trick flying in general is very pretty to watch, but not on a racecourse, with a number of excitable two-year-olds at the barrier. The sooner every racecourse executive gives orders that low-flying aeroplanes are forbidden the better. Owing to the antics of one of these clever fellows, Glasheen lost lengths at the gate when competing for the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes. The filly is a racing-like daughter of Bachelor's Double, and her running should be ignored. She will win.

How to Become a Bookmaker

Every week I receive a letter or two from readers who want to know if they have to register at Somerset House in order to commence a stay-at-home bookmaking business, and also if there are any little pitfalls. There is no need to register unless one trades under an assumed name. This, of course, would have to be shown, together with the "bookmaker's" proper name on all note-headings, *et cetera*.

The Pitfalls

With regard to the pitfalls I think the little ones should be magnified. In the first place, nowadays punters are very well served with information and, as a result, the bookmaking game is not what it used to be. Another snag, a jagged one, is that all business must be on the credit system. The hopeful young bookie will find that bad debts will almost extinguish his profits. Often I have had something to say about defaulting layers, but they are outnumbered by the backers who don't pay.

Change Over?

I am always giving tips. Perhaps my readers would like to give me one for a change. If Santorb doesn't win the Cesarewitch tell me what will.

Dope Dangers

Just now agents of French firms specialising in preparations reputed to improve the form of horses are busy touting for orders in this country, and I understand they are meeting with success. There are quite a number of these preparations which are said to be outside any accepted definition of "dope," but there have been some complaints about their use, and the authorities in France have now ordered an expert analysis as the basis for a full inquiry. Might I suggest that our own powers-that-be should get to work at once with the same object in view, because if the claims made in the circulars I have seen are only half true, there is a strong case for enquiry. Most of the circulars claim that a horse treated with the preparations always gives its best form. Something similar is claimed for banned "dopes."

Lord Beatty's Runner

I don't suppose many punters are aware that Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Beatty, is numbered among the list of racehorse owners. I noticed his three-year-old, Garionella, in the Earlsfield High-Weight Handicap at Hurst Park, and I should have welcomed the success of Lord Beatty's filly but for the fact that I had coded Swagman, who duly obliged at the nice price of 11 to 2. Lord Beatty's colours are blue and black halved, white belt and cap. Unfortunately, they are not often seen. One of his brothers, Major W. V. Beatty, trains for him at Newmarket.

One of the distinguished race-horse owners, Lord Beatty

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	CORCYRIAN
Thursday	RACLA
Friday	MERMAID
Saturday	GARRISON

A West End Tout

The more I see of the ways of the circularising bookmakers the more am I amazed at their brazen impudence, and the folly of those who fall for it. There is one of the tribe circularising freely from the West End of London on expensive note-paper and offering to open accounts for all and sundry. His lists for future events include such horses as Caravel, who has shipped to Australia, Parth, Bright Knight, and others that are not likely to see racecourses again. Give him a wide berth.

MONEY TALKS

"Money talks," said the Punter,
As he stood inside the ring,
Watching the favourites weaken,
And the flag-fall "springers" spring.

"Money talks," said the Bookie,
As he wiped his odds-board clean,
"If you punters stand and listen
You will soon hear what I mean."

And the notes in the bookie's satchel
All heaved a rustling sigh
The time had come for their talking,
So they loudly cried, "Good-bye!"

Bridge of Dun's Good Prices

Bridge of Dun, the ex-selling plater, is one of the most improved horses in training, and I cannot understand why the layers always allow him to start at a good price. As a rule they are not over-generous. He won the first race of the season at 10 to 1. Since then he has scored at 6 to 1, 11 to 2, unplaced in an apprentice race, won at 6 to 1, and again at 10 to 1.

Not Much of a Capture

Capture Him has not captured much over here. The son of Captivation won eight of his nine races in Ireland as a two-year-old, but he has five little round O's before his name now.

France and our Selling Races

For the second time in the present season French racing men have attempted to bring off a selling-plate coup. The first time it was with Durakuir, who was sent all the way to Ripon, and narrowly missed scoring under a welter burden in heavy going. The second occasion was when 'Gene Leigh and his friends came near to bringing off a coup at Goodwood at the expense of Fodder, with Viburnum.

The Losses will be Recovered.

I would advise readers to keep a sharp eye for French invaders in selling races, because I know that this is a form of coup to which our friends on the other side of the Channel are going to pay more attention. The depreciation of the franc makes it worth their while.

Second Thoughts

E. T. O'Sullivan, the Malton trainer, is having a most successful season, and I notice that he annexed five races at Bogside the other day. A few months ago he was so annoyed over the action of the stewards who had the saliva of one of his horses, Azimuth, analysed that he advertised his entire stable for sale, in the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*. Fortunately, he availed himself of the ladies' privilege and changed his mind. O'Sullivan trains a likely winner in Kilgwick, which I advise you to back next time out.

"SILVER RING."

HORSES TO FOLLOW

ASTROLOGER.—One of the unlucky ones at Goodwood. Astrologer was just beaten by Gilding Orb, and Beasley objected on the ground of crossing. Mark this youngster as a winner without a penalty and back him next time out.

DALNAMEIN.—As a three and a four-year-old Dalnamein has never been out of the first three. The filly put up a fine fight against Ducks and Drakes, who is exceptionally fast. Never leave Dalnamein out of your calculations.

GLOMMEN.—One of the features of this year's racing has been the success of Walter Earl, the ex-jockey. He won three races for Mr. Solly Joel on Stewards' Cup day, and I was particularly struck by the improvement he has made in Glommen. The three-year-old is not in the Leger or I should put him up as a long shot. Over a mile and a quarter to a mile and a half he will win plenty of races.

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is the BEST RACING PAPER.
2d. DAILY.

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Y H W J G X F U T R N Z S D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

Q J O G Y C N J would read DEFIANCE

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from August 5 to August 11.

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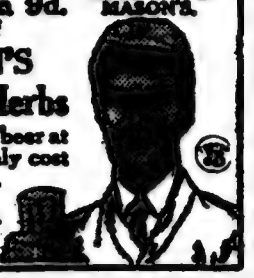

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3/- Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains:
8 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Every-grained handles, 8 Dessert Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Soup Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to resist white Hornspoon) and 1 pr. stainless Sheffield Steel Carvers with Genuine Ivorette handles. Price 32/-

WE BELIEVE the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 32/- now, and 3/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BAKED AND BOILED FEET

"While others in the heat wave bake
The wise ones Salzium Foot-baths take"

Your hot, tender aching swollen feet are immediately soothed, refreshed, invigorated by Salzium's fresh, keen and invigorating radio-active properties are unique.

SALZIUM

6D 6D

3 wonderful footbaths for 6d.

Ask your chemist for the 6d. Salzium.

Henry J. Burfa (Chemists), Ltd., 2, Stanley Road, Acton, London, W.3.

HAIR GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:

"The small photo, taken from a football group, will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains genuine bear fat, the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 G.J.), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

COVENTRY'S FINEST

from 2/- Weekly OR LOWEST CASH PRICES

BIKES

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST BICYCLES ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.

First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash prices quoted.

Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

Thos. O'Brien, Ltd. "THE CORNER HOUSE" COVENTRY.

W. Ealing.—"Carter's Little Liver Pills are Great," writes Mr. J. B. Carey. "I discovered them during the war. When in the field I was troubled with gases in the stomach after eating. The cause may have been 'doubtful rations' in the first place, but as the trouble continued, I paid several visits to the M O. without obtaining relief. A brother officer very kindly gave me some of his Carter's Little Liver Pills, and they speedily brought about a change. I have since profited by never being without these unfailing little correctives." Millions recommend them for sick headache—bad breath—complexion—biliousness—acid stomach and all disorders arising from constipation. They tone the system and maintain it in a state of perfect health. The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills sold by all Chemists in 1/3 phials only.

CATARRH SYMPTOMS CHECKED IN 24 HOURS BY NEW TREATMENT

Complete Relief Guaranteed—or it Costs You Nothing.

Thousands who used to suffer with disagreeable and disgusting Catarrh have found an easy way to become completely free of this nasty scourge.

They have simply used a remarkable new internal treatment which curbs every symptom of the disease—not in weeks or days, but actually in 24 hours.

This wonderful new treatment—perfected by physicians of the Clinical Laboratories, and known as the Rinex Treatment, works on an entirely new principle. Science now proves that Catarrh is not simply a surface disease, but is the result of poisons in the system, which the system is trying to throw off. Mere surface treatments like sprays, ointments, and inhalations cannot possibly get at this internal cause. But Rinex taken in simple capsule form and absorbed into the blood through the digestive tract immediately neutralises these poisons throughout the system. So every symptom—foul, offensive breath, obnoxious nasal discharges, clogged head and thickened speech—disappear in 24 hours or less.

No matter how long you have had Catarrh, or how many other treatments you have tried without lasting success, this new treatment is guaranteed to relieve you—or it costs you nothing.

Get the Rinex treatment to-day and just TRY it. Incidentally, it is sold under the same money-back guarantee to completely relieve Asthma and Head Colds.

Sample 24-Hour Treatment sent FREE. Address: Clinical Laboratories, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, Dept. R.C.81.

Why endure repulsive Catarrh a day longer when it can be so easily and quickly banished? Try Rinex to-day. Be sure to get the genuine Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription in the air-tight flask. It may be obtained from all branches of Lewis and Burrows, Parkes Ltd., Squire and Co., Needhams Ltd., Timothy White Co., Harrods Ltd., Army and Navy Stores, John Barkers, Marlows, Boutalls, Taylors Drug Co., Wm. Whiteley's, Civil Service Supply Association, and from all leading chemists throughout GREAT BRITAIN and the IRISH FREE STATE.

—FREE COUPON—

Please send me, free of all cost, Sample 24-Hour "Rinex" Treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLINICAL LABORATORIES
(Dept. R.C.81),
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1

J. McLauchlan

11, Duke Street, Edinburgh.

LETTERS! LETTERS! LETTERS!

ALL POSTAGE PAID.

EVERY LETTER ANSWERED

1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- up to £10 as desirable as larger bets.

CONCESSIONS TO BACKERS.

Favourites for Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles.
No Restrictions.
Any to Come or Cross Bets.
All Systematic Commissions for 1st Favourites. "Sporting Chronicle" returns will rule the settling.
You are on if Postmarked before Race.

You can receive your winnings on the day of the race, wired to you at my expense by request, if you win over £5.

TARTAN BOOK ON APPLICATION.

All Monies Returned First Post after Result.

Business people can open Credit Accounts without references.

SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
(No References Required).

Prospective Clients unable to give usual reference may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

NO LONDON ADDRESS.
No Representatives Anywhere.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

"A FOOL and his money are soon parted" is a familiar phrase. It is not, however, only a fool who may be swindled. At times it means that a clever individual has met a cleverer one—one who is adept at wielding wiles—to his loss.

If you are in such a position send particulars and stamped addressed envelope to our Free Advice Service and we will help.

W. B. (Birmingham).—"Though turned seventy I can tire out any younger man." You do.

MRS. C. (Coniston).—"I hope enclosed story will not bore you." Madam, believe us, it will not!

MISS L. (Long Preston).—"I am very friendly with a man who collects coins." We also are on excellent terms with the 'bus conductor.

MRS. E. (Avonwick).—"I've known some London ladies go to two balls on a Saturday night." And still more go to three balls on a Monday morning.

E. T. (Golders Green).—"I once lost a lot of money through telling the truth." It evidently completely cured you.

MRS. W. (Carnforth).—"Do you think a country holiday would cure my husband of a constant buzzing in the ears?" Yes, if he took it alone.

MRS. A. (Settle).—"I cannot persuade my little girl to put her tongue right out for the doctor." The poor child knows it is fast at the back.

D. P. (Arnside).—"When fashion decreed Pekinese what became of the pugs ladies used to be so fond of?" That's a real doggone mystery.

M. S. (Halstead).—"I've rigged up a complete wireless installation for 2s. 6d." We warrant it's a howling success.

B. J. (Swansea).—"It's the eternal triangle working to a logical conclusion." Which is the usual wreck-tangle, we suppose.

MRS. O. (Herne Bay).—"My husband is an out-and-out business man." The usual grumble; husband always out and out

H. E. (Fishguard).—"What are the first essentials in starting out as a journalist?" A small appetite and ability to dodge landladies on rent-days.

G. S. T. (Burnley).—"How shall I proceed to contest my wife's will?" Prudence suggests using a telephone if the lady is still alive.

MRS. K. (Horton).—"It was I who made my husband what he is." What odds? so long as he doesn't reproach you for it.

S. F. (Clapham).—"No man can be glad when he's down and out." Unless he's safe after a trip by aeroplane.

GEO. P. (Whitley Bay).—"She was just a poor, ignorant girl when she married me." She must have been.

S. V. (Farnborough).—"I cannot imagine what prompted me to marry a flighty girl like this." The flighty girl, of course.

MRS. J. (Harringay).—"I'm making money by selling lavender water second to none." It must be the season's best smeller.

J. W. W. (Bentham).—"How long does it take to learn to ride a bicycle?" It all depends on whether the girl is pretty and the man in love.

JESSICA (Bournemouth).—"I sit for hours by the sea trying to take it all in." Rather selfish while so many people have holidays still to come.

JOHN D. (Glasgow).—"They tell me young London knuts have clothes for every day in the week." That's because they jolly well have to, or be run in by the police.

G. W. (Holborn).—"I can read you like a book." We rather pride ourselves in coming out in plain type.

TOMTIT (Blackburn).—"Ideals are very stubborn things." True. They won't work if you don't.

G. F. (Maidstone).—"I am sending one of my own poems to the King." God save the King!

D. A. (Broughton).—"I have invented a new vacuum container." Out of your own head?

F. H. (Taplow).—"Even a picnic on the river has its drawbacks." Gnaturally.

G. M. B. (Hove).—"Some people can never manage to eat their soup properly." So we've heard.

PETER (Maidenhead).—"From henceforth I and my beloved count ourselves as one." We doubt if you'll get the hotel people to see it that way.

T. B. (Hampstead).—"He who dances must pay the piper." And incidentally the waiter, the cloak-room attendant and the commissionaire.

A. L. (Exeter).—"A man gave me twopence yesterday for telling him the way to the Bank." Pretty poor pay for a bank director.

T. W. (Crewe).—"My wife is one in a hundred." Win one of this week's *Bullets* Holiday Prizes and you'll be one in a thousand.

ELSIE (Essendine).—"My mission in life is to make my husband a better man." Why not be content with making him a better half.

L. M. (Cookham).—"A bather who can swim is 50 per cent. happier than the one who can't." And yet it is almost always the swimmers who go off at the deep end.

J. K. (London).—"I know a policeman who married a policewoman." We suppose that ultimately they will celebrate their copper wedding.

G. M. (Salford).—"Manchester seems to have a fascination for the American tourist." Of course. It's wetter there than anywhere else.

G. W. K. (Luton).—"Too much cigarette-smoking interferes with the growth of young people." Nevertheless, it's a fashionable stunt.

H. M. (Highgate).—"There has been a conference of cremation authorities at Wembley." The exhibition seems to be growing brighter every day.

H. M'C. (Chorley).—"Any one who wants more war is a glutton." Quite so. The peace hasn't been fought to a finish yet.

Sound Advice

IF you're feeling weary, pessimistic, dreary,
Do not lose a minute—but buy *The Passing Show*.
It is pretty safe to say
It will drive your cares away,
And you'll soon be bright and gay—
Smiles will grow,
For you cannot keep from smiling when you read *The Passing Show*.

Humourists most clever, one and all endeavour
To maintain the standard of *The Passing Show*.
Every week they give their best
In pictures, skit and jest.
Put this issue to the test—
Then you'll know
That the brightest paper ever is the weekly *Passing Show*.

"SAFETY FIRST" (E.C.).—"There are two ways of crossing the road." Yes—on foot or on an ambulance.

W. P. (Rye).—"I wouldn't like any one to know the pet name I call my mother." Mum's the word!

G. M. (Hatfield).—"Cinema propaganda is to be used to popularise cremation." There are lots of films that need it.

G. J. (Rolleston).—"My doctor has warned me about consuming tripe." We fancy we know the paper he means.

H. M. (Glasgow).—"Some people don't know when they're well off." The income-tax people generally find out about it, however.

"NATURALIST" (Ely).—"Certain fungi, resembling mushrooms, are poisonous." If eaten, they may prove toadstools of repentance.

B. K. (Bolton).—"Do you mind having to answer so many foolish questions?". Oh, no. Yours only make one more.

G. N. (Charlton).—"What do you think of me for sending you three letters in two days?" You're a write.

J. S. (Maidenhead).—"As I left my bank I slipped down the steps." We suppose you had lost your balance.

MR. L. (Kingston).—"Friends say my little boy is the image of me." You'll always find some people ready to say unpleasant things.

R. F. (Liverpool).—"I like to put a bit on a horse occasionally, but my wife is always grumbling about it." So you're both fond of a nag!

MRS. B. (Clapham).—"He has been away from home for months and has never sent his family a halfpenny." What unremitting care!

FRED (Twickenham).—"I think the modern young man is hardly as silly as people make out." And that modern girl isn't always as bad as she's painted.

F. R. (Colchester).—"I have written a five-act play but am afraid it wouldn't pass the censor." If it's as broad as it's long, we don't wonder.

A. B. L. (Barnes).—"Some of these motor-cycles make an intolerable noise." All the same, their owners always seem to have a rattling good time.

G. P. (Neasden).—"I considered myself overcharged at Wembley, and complained in very emphatic terms." Hope you didn't make a little exhibition of yourself.

V. G. (Bicester).—"I think, if I tried, I could write something that would please you." Perhaps; but you could please us much more easily by not trying.

H. P. (Upper Tooting).—"Although I have absolutely vetoed the idea, my son says he is determined to take orders." But not from you, it seems.

F. D. C. (Alverstoke).—"In my opinion, Shakespeare's writings are only fine in streaks." You seem to be a believer in the Baconian theory.

F. R. A. (Sydenham).—"A friend of mine professes that he is always able to tell the weather." Then get him to tell it to keep fine all the holiday season.

G. J. K. (Norwich).—"Can you suggest a good motto to hang up in the servants' bedroom in our new house?" Certainly; "Here to-day, gone to-morrow."

MRS. L. H. (Purley).—"My husband assures me I has never known such a cook as I am." And it's quite possible he may be speaking the strict truth.

F. A. (Bristol).—"I am just going to offer my MS. to a publisher." And we expect your friends will be surprised if he takes it.

S. D. (Keswick).—"Self-advertisement is the forerunner of future folly." It often merely presages a press-agent.

L. G. (Royston).—"Do you think I shall be able to do anything with my voice?" It might come in handy in case of fire.

J. J. (Heyford).—"Monuments to the honour of living athletes should be erected." But a perusal of the daily press shows that most of them are already appearing on the top of columns.

J. M. (Belton).—"Tiles may be satisfactorily cleaned with warm sandpaper." This probably explains the scraping noises heard all over London prior to the Harrow match.

MRS. C. J. (Westminster).—"When engaging a taxi I always try to get a man who fought in the war." On the principle, we suppose, that none but the brave deserve the fare.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Headache and Nerve Pains

Miss F. E. Collins' case, cited below, is typical of thousands. If YOU are subject to headaches don't use palliatives giving temporary relief; they may be positively harmful. Cassell's Tablets will completely restore your nervous system.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Miss F. E. Collins, of 7, Hill Street, Peckham, London, S.E.15, writes:—"For some considerable time my nerves were very bad, probably owing to my business, which is practically all figures and writing, and I suffered from severe headaches. I decided to take Cassell's Tablets, and the first box did me good. My nerves and general health were very much improved, so I continued to take them. Very soon my friends began to tell me how much better I was looking. Now I am in good health; in fact, completely cured. I have recommended the tablets to several of my friends, and I think so much of them that I always keep a box in the house for purposes of recommendation."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size 3/- Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, BAD LEGS and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kuron Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience of nearly over 30 years. Send postcard for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 14, Kuron House, BRADFORD

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

FAMED FOR OVER 50 YEARS

1/6 a tin at all chemists.

Meltis CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

2D. each

are an old favourite in a more delicious form

A FIRST CLASS Junocar NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

Sent Direct from Our Factory ON FREE APPROVAL Carr. Paid.

Guarantee our 47 years' reputation. Write NOW for beautifully illustrated ART LISTS FREE

JUNO BABY CAR COMPANY

Dept. 533 103 & 203, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

THIS THREE SPEED ALL-BRITISH CYCLE

(FITTED WITH STURMEY-ARCHER OR B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR)

can be yours for 7/6 down

Direct from our Factory to your door. Balance by EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. 14 Days' Free Approval. Guaranteed for a life-time. Packed free and Carriage paid. Money returned if not satisfied.

BUY BRITISH GOODS

Write for Catalogue

THE SELBY MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 418), 21a, Finsbury St., E.C.2.

GREAT RAINCOAT SALE TO GO ON

The Amazing Success of our Great Summer Sale has surpassed our wildest expectations. The public demand for the SARTOR RAINCOAT at the Bargain Price has increased by leaps and bounds every day and shows no signs of diminishing. In these circumstances we have decided to postpone the closing date. WRITE NOW AND SECURE THE FAMOUS

SARTOR RAINCOAT

REDUCED PRICE DURING GREAT SALE. From **18/6** CARR. PAID IN BRITISH ISLES

This is the most wonderful Raincoat Bargain that has ever been offered to the Public. It is made by a firm of manufacturers who are famous as Raincoat experts throughout the World.

SEND NO MONEY. Send a postcard with your name and address to the address below—and DO IT NOW. In return we will forward you FREE PATTERNS, STYLE BOOK, & SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

NOTE THIS.—The genuine SARTOR RAINCOAT is the finest and most useful garment of its kind in the World. It is made from fully-proofed Gabardine with smart check lining, and is tailored by experts.

THIS WEATHER.—In our opinion no man or woman can afford to be without a SARTOR, which is weatherproof. NOTE OUR GUARANTEE.

SARTOR Manufacturing Co. (Dept. J),
53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Visit our London Showrooms:
220, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1 (*First Floor*)

Every Coat sold by us carries our Guarantee. Money returned in full if not thoroughly satisfied.

The Weighty Lather that helps the Shaver

The big wheel cap you can't lose.

Actual size of Tube.

Don't judge a lather by its volume. Air bubbles have volume but little weight.

It is the heavy, thick, creamy, lather that helps the shaver.

Gibbs Shaving Cream—something quite new—increases its weight 22½ times. Its super-lather gains its weight from the water it holds. It softens and holds the hair and makes swift easy work for the razor.

That is why many thousands of men have found in Gibbs Shaving Cream the solution of their shaving difficulties.

The Cold Cream contained in Gibbs Shaving Cream leaves the skin smooth and comforted as if newly massaged.

Gibbs Shaving Cream brings you nearer Shaving perfection than anything yet devised.

Gibbs SHAVING CREAM

The Cream of Shaves

Price 1/6 per Tube.

Free! TRIAL TUBE

Because we know you would prefer to use a *British* Shaving Cream once you were satisfied that it would give you the best shave you ever had, we can afford to send you a trial tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream for nothing. Send us your name and address, and the name of your chemist, and three days' luxury shaving is yours.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 31V), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. 1.

A PENNY A WEEK

Learn the Luxury of Doing Good

A SINGLE penny most people would say is not of much purchasing value nowadays. Yet it may buy you the greatest luxury in all the world.

If every one of our readers set aside a single penny every week, "The Greatest of These—" Fund could be assured of a settled weekly income of nearly £4,000.

Every week we are faced with the heart-breaking problem of selecting from many deserving cases of distress those which are most worthy of assistance with the limited means at our disposal.

Every one acknowledges in a vague way that the War has left in its train a great deal of poverty and misery, which remains unalleviated either by the State or by any of the many charitable organisations which appeal to the public for money for the purpose, but comparatively few realise the terrible extent of the destitution which exists.

THERE are many fine men who gave their best years in war-time service and returned to find that their civilian occupations were no longer open to them. The small gratuity which they received upon demobilisation did not suffice to support them for many months, and they have, some of them for years, been engaged in a bitter struggle for existence.

There are women who have lost their husbands through ailments which do not come within the category for which widows' pensions are awarded, and these poor souls have had to do the best they can to gain a livelihood.

There are children who know nothing of war, except that it is a terrible feature of our civilisation which has deprived them of the opportunities which should be available to every child born into the world. They are underfed and ill-clad.

Callous men may cynically say that there is no need for any one to starve, but such people do not realise the depth of destitution into which British men and women will allow themselves to sink before they will accept outdoor relief or the hospitality of the workhouse.

It has been our object since the establishment of the "Greatest of These—" Fund to afford assistance in cases which remain untouched or at the best inadequately dealt with by other charitable organisations.

We gladly undertake to bear the entire cost of administration of the fund, which is very considerable, but we would gladly be relieved of the painful duty of refusing help in many deserving cases owing to the inadequacy of the money placed at our disposal.

Just one penny a week put aside and sent to us, say quarterly, will enable you in Oliver Goldsmith's words, to "learn the luxury of doing good."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

From a Friend, 1s.; J. Usher, 10s.; "A Reward for Lost Parcel," £1.; "John Bull's Honesty," 5s.; Mrs. L. E. May, 1s.; Orwak, 2s.; E. A. B., 3d.; Mrs. F. Heard, £1; Henley, 1s. 6d. From Old 35th Foot, 5s.; E. H. J., 2s. 6d.; T. J. Cusack, 6d.; W. Goody, 2s. 6d.; T. P. 9th, 1s.; W. J. H., 1s. 6d.; L. M. D. (Coulsdon), £1; "Jessie," 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A. Thom, 1s.; C.-on-M. 79, 3d.; Galex, 2s. 6d.; N. W. (Battersea), 1s. 1½d.; Emily (Finsbury Park), 10s.; London, E.C., 1s.; L. A. Moreton, 4s.; Mr. A. W. Harries-Thomas, 10s.; H. Clayton, 1s.; C. H. Cook, 2s. 2d.; M. B., 2s. 6d.; C. R., 5s.; The Ninth, 1s.; Miner's Wife, 5d.; X.Y.Z. (Carnarvon), parcel and 2s.; Mrs. Glover, 2½d.; A. Morris, 1s.; B'pool, 2s.; G. Fairbairn, 2s.; H. M. G., 1s. 3d.; H. S. Evans, 1s.; A. Ollie pie, 1s. 6d.; E. Parrott, 1s. 6d.; W. H. D., 6d.; M. P. Southport, 6d.; L. Rees, 2s. 6d.; H. E. M., 1s.; Margate, 1s.; Corstophine, 12s.; "Arisa," 1s.; A. W., 5s.; M. B., 6d.; H. B., 6d.; J. Allsop, 6d.; R. Grieg, 6d.; A. E. Harris, 2s.; F. Hall, parcel.

Galex, 2s.; M. Wardley, 1s.; A Sympathiser (Cheriser), £1; Phelo, 1s.; "A Ninth" (Carlisle), 1s.; A. L. Dixon, 1s.; C. W. Robinson, 1s. 6d.; M. B. (Southport), 6d.; W. Green, 2d.; J. Lay, 1s.; Mrs. Wills, 3s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; F. Hall, parcel; F. C. Birch, parcel; Grateful wisher, parcel; Mrs. C., Nitshill," 2s. 6d.; S. S., 5s.; Heart, 1s.; "Lucky Jim," 1s. 1d.; Cheerful (Devon), 2s. 6d.; Lowestoft, 1s. 6d.; W. Winbury, 1s.; Mrs. S. A. Smith, 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; O. M., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; C. C., 1s.; H. Withnall, 6d.; M. C., 5s. 6d.; J. Allan, 2s.; F. Hutley, 6d.; W. J. Day, 1s.; Mrs. Bond, 1s.; G. Pashley, 3s.; E. Friedman, 5s.; Mrs. Mcen, 2s.; F. G. N. Roberts, 2s.; X. Y. Z. (Carnarvon), parcel; Kathleen, 6d.; C. H., for Luck, 6d.; G. Howich, 6d.; "Jessie," 1s.; S. F. Radford, 1s.; E. L. Edmunds, 5s.; F. Purkiss, 1s.; "J.H.44," 1s.; "No. 1164," 10s.; E. H. R., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; C. C., 1s.; H. W. E., 6d.; M. T. P., 6d.; E. F., R., 2s. 6d.; "Tobins," 2s.; "Jacko, Derby" 1s.; Oxford, 2s. 6d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; G. Jones, 2s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; J. Blackman, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Rice, 1s. 6d.; E. B., 10½d.; M. B. (Bedford), 2s.; E. Turner, 5s.; Lewis, 5h., parcel; From a Mother, parcel; C., Sinclair, parcel; E. Gale (Shirley), 1s.; A. C., Weed" Tragedy, 2s. 2½d.; Best Wishes, Dundee, 6s.; A. Thom, 1s.; M. Dinnah, 2s. 6d.; "Exaltavit Humiles," 2s.; "A Workman's Wife," 2s.; J. H. Elliston, 10s.; C.-on-M.79, 3½d.; Lillian Lauder, £3; S. P. R., 1s.; Henry Owen ("Bullets" First Prize winner), £1 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Were You Right?"

P	A	P	E	R		E	W	E		T	H	E	M	E
A		R	O	U	T		A		H	A	I	R		V
I	R	O	N	S		A	N	T		I	M	A	G	E
N	O	W		T	E	R	T	I	A	N		S	U	N
T	A	L	L	Y		T	E	N		T	R	E	N	T
	N	O	S		D		S	E		S				
A		A	B	A	T	E		A	L	O	F	T		A
G	A	L	E		U	K	A	S	E		I	R	I	S
E		E	L	U	D	E		P	E	N	N	Y		S
	C		I	S		G		P		E		C		
B	A	N	A	L		O	R	E		O	D	I	U	M
A	G	O		E	F	F	E	N	D	I		N	E	E
S	E	N	N	A		F	E	D		L	E	A	S	T
T		C	O	K	E		D		L	E	A	N	E	
E	M	E	R	Y		E	Y	E		D	R	E	A	R

Solution of Cross-words No. 26, which appeared in our issue of July 25th. The prizes have been despatched, and a list of prize-winners may be seen at this office.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(*Continued from page* 31)

Rd., Drumoyne, Govan; Mrs. T. Edge, 19, Harwood St., Beeston, Nottingham; H. Edwards, 25, Alexandra Rd., Landport, Portsmouth; J. Elder, 19, Union St., Kirkcaldy; A. W. Evans, Lansdale House, Woodside St., Cinderford; T. S. Fairbairn, 7, Holmend, Mosfat, N.B.; A. Fraser, 4, Church St., Johnstone, N.B.; F. Godwin, 94, Bexley Rd., Erith; E. Grafton, "Allan Craig," Ings Rd., Hull; Miss R. Grainger, Eydon Mount, Rydal Rd., Lancaster; Mrs. M. Grattidge, 81, Haybridge Rd., Wellington, Salop; T. H. Griffiths, 22, Penydri, Neath; A. Gurney (staff), 58, Jermyn St., S.W.; A. M. Guthrie, 7, Trinity Rd., Bootle; Mrs. W. Hallam, 19, Gipsy Rd., Belgrave, Leicester; R. Hamrop, 11, Howth Terr., Temple, Glasgow; A. Harvey, 142, Station Rd., Wylde Green, B'ham; Mrs. S. Hoare, 10, Lane House, Trawden, Nr. Colne; Mrs. F. Herbert, 29, Zetland St., Poplar, E.; Mrs. P. Hilsum, 84, Davis Mans., Aldgate, E.; A. Hitchings, "Lyndhurst," Magor, Nr. Newport, Mon.; F. Hodgkinson, Coddington Cottages, Baston, Peterboro; P. L. Howard, 70, Shap St., Haggerston, E.; G. R. Hull, 3, Voss Court, Streatham Common, S.W.; J. Irish, 10, Portersbridge St., Romsey; G. Jeffery, 147, Holdenhurst Rd., Bournemouth; W. H. Johnson, 47, Dynevor Rd., Stoke Newington, N.; A. C. Jones, 128, Weavers Arms, Cwmbwrla; D. Jones, 1, De-la-Reche Terr., Morriston; E. H. Jones, 18, Bank St., Ponkey, Nr. Wrexham; Miss M. Kay, c/o 73, Whitecross Rd., Weston-Super-Mare; E. B. Lanning, "The Laurels," Wesser Rd., Parkstone; L. Levitch, 7, Mount Rd., City Rd., X.; W. D. Litherland, 1, Hea Villas, Heamoor, Cornwall; W. Lockwood, 42, High St., Wombwell; A. Lovibond, 3, Hill View, Yeovil; A. Mackie, 39, Heaton Rd., Mitcham; H. Maitland, 35, New St., Kilbarchan, N.B.; A. Mason, Walsall Rd., Great Wyrley; A. D. Michie, 9, Spylaw Rd., Edinburgh; E. Morgan, 20, Gore St., Newport, Mon.; C. E. Moss, Congresbury, Nr. Bristol; A. Parfitt, 25, Perriam Rd., Allerton; Miss M. Parry, Grenig Cotts., Glanamman, Carm.; H. Payne, 28, Chippendale St., Clapton, E.; E. Pollitt, 8, Thompson St., Moss Side, M/c; Mrs. E. Poole, 19, Morris St., North Ormesby, Middlesbro; G. Porton, 14, Tower Hill, Bristol; C. J. Pullin, Jnr., Eaglehurst, Hatfield Rd., Torquay; Mrs. J. Radford, The Cottage Home, Eastry, Kent; C. Rosier, 5, Blue Row, Beamont, Clacton; Mrs. W. Shephard, 39, Gt. St. Andrew St., London, W.C.; J. Shepherd, 5, The Crescent, St. Ives, Hunts.; Mrs. Shoesmith, 35, St. Marys Walk, Harrogate; Mrs. Simm, 110, Walthew Lane, Platt Bridge, Wigan; E. Simpson, The Banyers, Royston; E. W. Simpson, 63, Harbord St., Fulham, S.W.; A. G. Smith, 68, Halifax Rd., Dewsbury; T. F. Snaith, 13, Chichester Rd., South Shields; F. Southworth, 182, Oxford Rd., Burnley; E. G. Stanford, 27, Harpenden Rd., West Norwood, S.E.; W. H. Strelling, "Somerfield," Anlaby High Rd., Hull; J. Suttling, 24, Cleveland St., Mile End, E.; J. Thomas, 14, North Rd., Ferndale, Glam.; Mrs. M. Thompson, c o 245, Hubert Rd., Selly Oak; E. H. Thompson, 121, Berkeley St., Crosby, Scunthorpe; H. C. Thorne, 11, Trafalgar Dr., Lower Bebington, Ches.; G. Trask, East St., Martock, Som.; A. H. Tyson, 9, Council House, Mepperhall Rd., Shefford, Beds.; P. L. Waldin, 6, Garden Terr., Epping; J. F. Walters, 5, Ballard Cotts., Virginia Water; A. Wradle, Crawford House, High Spen, Rowlands Gill; S. Waugh, 70, Eastwood Av., Shawlands, Glasgow; E. A. Williams, Colesbrook, Llanddeusant, Anglesey; A. C. Woolley, 57, Canterbury Rd., Enfield.

Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 569 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 569 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Bell, Burley Lodge Road, Leeds.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged will absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

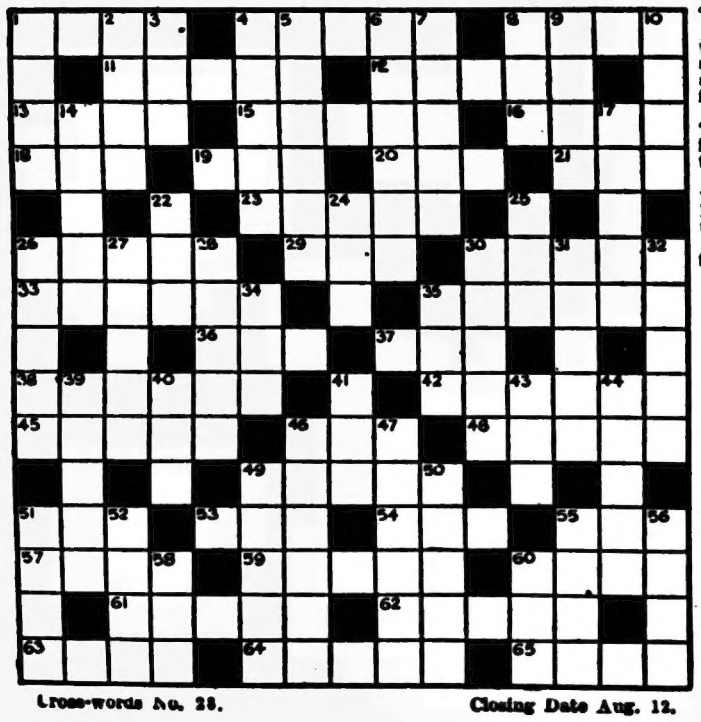
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within a month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

Our Crossword Corner

500 Prizes!

A Convert to Crosswords



Cross-words No. 28. Closing Date Aug. 12.

"I USED to wonder," writes a correspondent, "what induced people to take such a keen interest in the solution of Cross-word Competitions. Although I noticed that what I considered a passing craze was indulged in by both men and women, and of all ages and stations in life, yet it was to me a mystery where the fascination could be found."

Then our correspondent goes on to tell of how one day he himself "succumbed" to JOHN BULL's Cross-word. He was at once keenly interested, and is no longer left in wonderment why the finding of the solution is so enthralling.

Although he says that he has received sufficient enjoyment without caring much whether he received a prize or not, yet he has sent in his solution and has found himself numbered among the Five Hundred who receive Prizes each week.

Every one has a fair chance. No solution is opened until after the closing date, August 12.

CLUES

ACROSS.

1. Associate of Punch.
4. Wanderer.
8. Gone by.
11. Earnest.
12. Bulbous root.
13. Pace.
15. Malice.
16. Pleasant.
18. Gratuity.
19. Wooden pin
20. Aged horse.
21. Embankment.
23. State dress.
26. Noisy quarrel.
29. Tilt of the head.
30. Chosen spots.
33. Defect in stocking.
35. Abounding with bright bodies.
36. Vigour.
37. Hint.
38. Pickled.
42. Unnecessary interference.
45. Merry frolic.
46. Kind of lettuce.
48. To arrange feathers.
49. Seize.
51. Limb.
53. Skill.
54. Intoxicant.
55. River channel.
57. Servant.
59. The upper air.
60. Sprightly.
61. New.
62. Delete.
63. A memorandum.
64. Coin.
65. Poke.

DOWN.

1. Joke.
2. Sunk low.
3. Constant bark.
4. At no time.
5. American State.
6. Explated.
7. Famous author.
8. Enclosure.
9. Dry.
10. Abound.
14. Ornamental head-dress.
17. A prank.
22. Assistance.
24. Lad.
25. By way of.
26. Happiness.
27. Stench.
28. State reception.
30. Precipitous.
31. Commerce.
32. Ship's hooter.
34. Freed.
4. At no time.
35. Total.
39. Musical drama.
40. Stitch.
41. Very warm.
43. Parched.
44. Works signal.
46. Beasts of pasture.
47. Shelter.
49. Crawl.
50. Haste.
51. So let it be.
52. A Verb.
55. For carrying thedead.
56. Stained.
58. Female deer.
60. Serpent.

Fill in the Puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 28, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 SEP 25

1,000 "Bullets" Holiday Prizes!!

5	20	25	50	300	600
Holiday Prizes of £20 each	Holiday Prizes of £10 each	Holiday Prizes of £5 each	Week-End Prizes of £22 0 each	Holiday Fares of £11 0 each	EXCURSION PRIZES of 10/6 each and 6,000 Target Prizes

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 569.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. WILLIAM HOWAT, 20, Atherley Road, Southampton.
Example:—THE UNEMPLOYED
Bullet:—"REST"—BUT NO "CURE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

W. N. DAVIES, 7, The Esplanade, Plymouth.
Example:—FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE
Bullet:—OFTEN "SADDLED WITH CARE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

A. W. RICE, c/o 118, Gloucester Place, London, W.
Example:—WHY SHE WAS LATE
Bullet:—PROBABLY FOR "APPEARANCE'S SAKE."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

J. J. MILLAR, 4, Kensington Place, Brighton.
Example:—LIKE A SHOT
Bullet:—MANY EXPORTED HORSES WOULD.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

S. DUVALL, 13, Prospect Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.
Example:—MOTORING
Bullet:—MODERN EXPLORER FINDS NATIVES.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. ASCOUGH, Greenside Garage, Darlington.
HEARD BY THE SEA—"THEY'RE LOOKING BACK, MOTHER!"

BEADNALL, 92, Queen's Crescent, Sunderland.
WHAT THE FIREMAN SAID—"LEAP—NEVER MIND LOOKS!"

L. BENTALL, The Savoy Cinema, Bradford.
WHAT IS THE SUN—"TIMEKEEPER" FOR "LIFE'S FIGHT."

BOOTHROYDE, 26A, Union Road, Dover.
PLEASING EVERYBODY—POLITICS—DOING EVERYTHING, STATESMANSHIP.

CARTER, 240, Sunbridge Road, Bradford.
SEASIDE FLAPPER—MANŒUVRES WHEN MAN HOVERS

J. HARDEFF, 8, Macgregor Road, Fulham, S.W.
UNDER THE HAMMER—ARRANGING—FORGING INTERNATIONAL "CHAIN."

R. JACKS, 110, Victoria Road, Aston, B'ham.
HEARD BY THE SEA—"LOOK—SHIP WITH WIRELESS!"

SAUNDERS, 76, Wise Road, Stratford, E.
WHAT IS THE SUN?—"BAKER" AFFECTING THE BUTCHER.

SMYTHE, c/o 5, The Berea, Leven, Fife.
WHAT THE FIREMAN SAID—"OFFICE? SMELLS LIKE GARAGE!"

P. WATSON, 13, Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
SPENDING TOO MUCH—UNNECESSARILY, SHOULDN'T CONDEMN WEMBLEY.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

BARBER, 22, River Street, Stockport.
WHY SHE WAS LATE—MARRIED DURING DINNER HOUR.

BRIGHT, Crawleyside, Stanhope, Co. Durham.
MOTORING—HAS COME TO *Stay*.

C. COE, 27, Maple Avenue, Yiewsley.
WHAT THE FIREMAN SAID—"BURY ME IN UNIFORM!"

KNIGHT, 24, James Street, Maesy, Glam.
WHY SHE WAS LATE—SHE'D "HEAPS OF TIME."

MORGAN, 3, Dane Street, Luddendenfoot.
WHAT WE OWE—NOTHING—TO RAILWAY COMPANY.

SAYER, 7, Haslemere Avenue, Brent, N.W.
FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE—GREEKS DOCTOR—"HULLO, STRANGER!"

SHAW, 64, Dane Park Road, Ramsgate.
WHAT WE OWE—OTHER EXPLAINS "PICKING BONES."

A. SMALLEY, 20, South Road, Ardington, B'ham.
SHOPPING—ONCE DANGEROUS—NOW *Motorists*

A. SMITH, 43, Duke Street, Chelmsford.
UNDER THE HAMMER—AMERICA "NAILS" OUR TREASURE.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 571.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE
WHAT WE'RE AFTER
MIXED BATHING
THE EMPIRE'S FUTURE
COAL
NUMBER ONE
RAIN OR SHINE
WITHOUT MOTHER
BEAUTIFUL
NEVER FORGIVEN
ON THE SANDS
EVERLASTING
WITH REGRET
EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS
SEASIDE DONKEY
AWAY FROM SCHOOL
WELCOME VISITOR
THE OLD COUNTRY
HER SECRET
WITH A KISS
WHEN SHORT
IF HE'S WISE
MAN IN POSSESSION
AFTER A BIT
SIDE BY SIDE
WHAT THE BOARDER SAID
JOYFULLY
HOLIDAY FUN
NOT FOR ME
IF MONEY WERE ABOLISHED
IN RESERVE
THE NEXT GENERATION
EXPENSIVE
WISE COUPLE
TO HER CREDIT
FOR BABY'S SAKE
AS A RULE
WHAT SHE LOVES
IF SOCIALISM CAME
WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

E. T. RICE, P.O. Llanwrthwl, Rhayader.
WHAT THE FIREMAN SAID—"SOL'S WORK—OR SOLLY'S?"

160 Prize-winners of £1:

H. Alexander, 21, Fortescue Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. J. Bailey, 22, Oak St., Hazel Grove, Ches.; Mrs. Balmanno, 5, Storey Sq., Barrow-in-Furness; L. Barlow, 140, Higher Green, Astley, Nr. M/c.; Mrs. Bazley, 250, Malmesbury Park Rd., Bournemouth; E. Beaumont, 8, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.; J. W. Bellingham, 19, St. John's Sq., Burslem; D. Bennett, 4, Kinghorn Pl., Edinburgh; H. Berry, 20, Westwick Gdns., West Kensington, W.; S. Bladon, 7, Rosford Gdns., Shepherd's Bush, W.; D. Caldwell, 29, Ashley Rd., St. Anne's-on-Sea; A. Clangeot, 64, St. George's Rd., London, S.W.; W. Clarke, 56, Grove Rd., Holloway, N.; H. S. Cole, 37, Wick Rd., Bridlington, Bristol; H. W. Collip, 16, Lushington Rd., Harrowden, N.W.; W. E. Cooke, School Hse. Goosnargh, Preston; J. A. Corbett, 75, Lakeham Rd., Catford, S.E.; Miss E. Crawley, 444, Wick Rd., Hackney Wick, E.; H. S. Cross, 23, Golders Rise, Hendon, N.W.; Miss M. Darvie, 30, Belvidere Street, Aberdeen; E. W. Davies, 21, Birkenhead Av., Kingston-on-Thames; Mrs. N. Davies, 3, Miles St., Mardy; Miss S. Davies, Royal Hotel, Bristol; J. Dodd, Station Rd., West Stanley, Durham; Mrs. F. Donnelly, 9, Kingswood Av., Waterloo, L'pool; W. Drever, 27, Balfron

Continued on page 30

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three** or **Four Words**, having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BRITISH GOODS *Bullet*:—LET'S ALL "CARRY SAMPLES."
Example:—DARBY AND JOAN *Bullet*:—FRAIL COUPLE—STOUT COUPLING.
Example:—HOMES FOR HEROES *Bullet*:—"ERECT" BEFORE HEROES "BERT!"

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to:—
"Bullets" No. 571, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday August 13.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 571 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the results of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No Risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary co-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Free Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.,
(1761L) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Please write plainly.

Brooks Appliances are not sold in any SHOPS—The only address in Gt. Britain is 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

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